THE PROSE OF RICHARD M. NIXON

)C September 29, 1960 25¢

THE REPORTER

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Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Portrait of the reason for Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap"

THIS little Puerto Rican girl is attending her sister's confirmation. She is not quite sure what's going on. But she knows it's rather important. Her parents said so.

Before long, she will understand the muslin-misted beauty of this somewhat puzzling day. And she will be hoping to find much the same beauty in her daily life. Puerto Rico is doing its best to see that she will not be disappointed.

Speaking of Puerto Rico and the future, Governor Muñoz has this advice.

"Operation Bootstrap has already brought us new industries, fatter pay checks and fuller larders. But prosperity is not an end in itself. If we don't make our new industrial biceps serve the quiet mind and the gentle spirit, we shall have gained nothing."

When you go to Puerto Rico, notice the children—how courteous they are, how proud they seem, and how easily they laugh. Such things tell you more about "Operation Bootstrap" than any economic report.

For this is no blueprint for automatons. It is a dedicated effort to make this island a good place to be born. A good place to grow up. And a place that anybody would be proud to call home.

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LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN
by James Agee and Walker Evans

This extraordinary book has become a legend of our times. First published in 1941—long out of print, and an eagerly sought collector's item—the reappearance of LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN is being hailed as an important event.

When James Agee and master photographer Walker Evans were given a journalistic assignment to survey tenant farming in the South, they transformed their work into an eloquently devastating book that passionately explores the human situation—laying bare the pulsebeats of human hopes, fears, and indomitable pride. Agee described their investigation as *an independent inquiry into certain normal predicaments of human divinity.*

Of this celebrated masterpiece, Edwin Seaver writes: "Imagine Herman Melville being asked to write an article on whaling, and coming up with MOBY DICK. LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN is one of the most noble enterprises in American literature, a book that deserves a place on your shelf next to Whitman."

The revised and enlarged edition contains 62 probing photographs (twice the original number) and a new foreword by Walker Evans. To learn how you can receive this remarkable book—plus two more—**FREE,** turn the page.

On the following pages, the Book Find Club invites you to choose any 3 outstanding selections FREE with your first selection as a member. You may have LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN as a part of your introductory gift.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALKER EVANS

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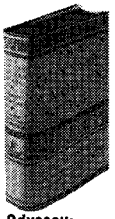

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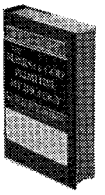

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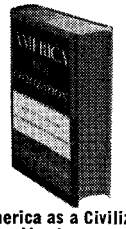

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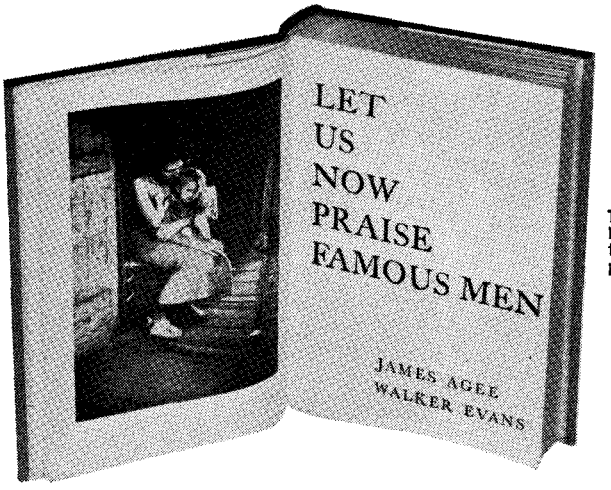

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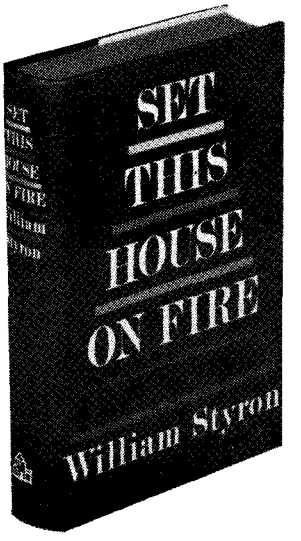

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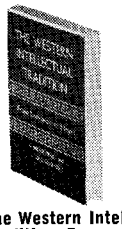

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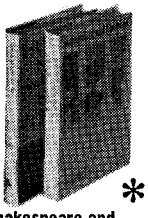

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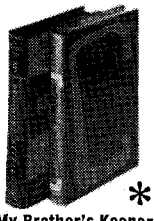

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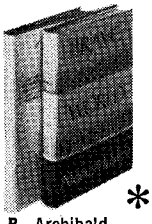

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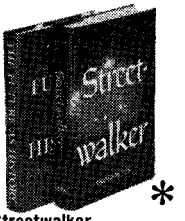

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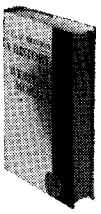

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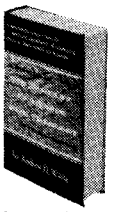

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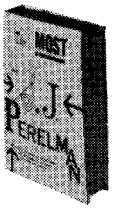

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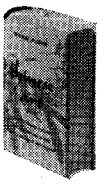

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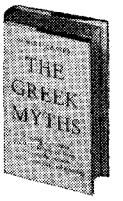

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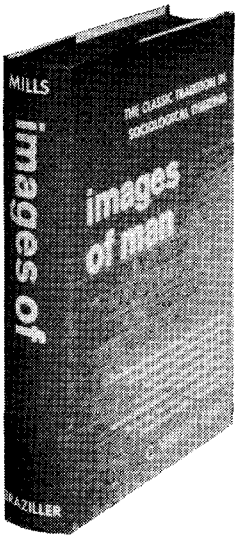

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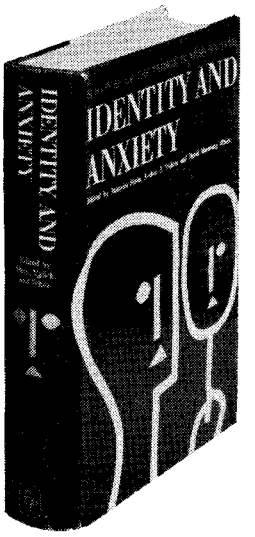

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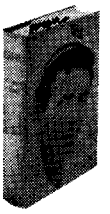

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Here He Comes Again

We did not really expect to have the pleasure of seeing him again so soon, but here he is, the mischievous old man, less than a year after his unlamented departure. He obviously loves New York, and by now he knows his way around this small island of Manhattan, where the ruling circles of the United States are keeping him confined. Incidentally, why anyone should deplore the deprivation of his freedom to zoom from coast to coast, from North to South, is something we utterly fail to understand. From this little island, he can make headlines every hour for all the newspapers of the world; he can have his image and his memorable sayings conveyed into more than forty-four million American homes, and from here retransmitted to every country where there are radio and TV stations.

In fact, we sincerely regret that our radio and TV people, wire agencies, press photographers, and the like—briefly, all those engaged in the business of communication—haven't had sense enough to decide not to bother about him, except, of course, when he is speaking at the U.N. Already we have heard of plans afoot to have him speak at public gatherings. One such affair will be given by the Overseas Press Club, which is, the communiqué says, an "organization interested in full and free coverage of news." The invitation has already been sent to Khrushchev. We take the liberty of rephrasing it in our own way: "Dear Nikita, come to see us and spit in our faces." That news, of course, will be freely covered.

WE ARE WRITING while the *Baltika* is still at sea, and make no attempt at foreseeing the stunts, the temper tantrums, the shenanigans that Khrushchev and his troupe will produce. But we have rather definite ideas as to why he is coming.

This is harvest time for Khrushchev and, if he has his way fully, can also be a glorious time for sowing. He has already created many troubles for us in many parts of the world, and exploited many other troubles that had started more or less independently of him.

He comes here at a time when our desultory system of government does not allow any American leader or group of leaders to answer him properly and put him in his place. He will campaign for Communism and steal the show from our two Presidential campaigners. He might even, who knows, decide who our next President will be, just by gently hinting which of the two candidates he dislikes the less. By his presence and his antics, he will dramatize the increase in the number of nations affiliated with the Communist bloc. Above all, he will foster the growth of neutralism all over the world. To the neutrals—no matter what may be the type of their neutrality—he will be gentle: He would like nothing better than to be a sort of neutral himself, and get rid of all his horrible weapons. But how can he, considering that he has to deal with the American warmongers? He will, however, be happy to guarantee the neutrality of every nation willing to accept his help.

He will have, of course, his Chinese friends in mind. He has had quarrels with them lately, mostly, so it seems, about the principle of peaceful coexistence, which the men in Peking don't quite understand. But after all his harvesting and sowing, he will be able to tell them: Don't you see, you stupid pedants, what I can get without any use of force, simply by peacefully coexisting with the United States and its allies?

ALL THIS constitutes an emergency which even the present administration, feeble as it is, cannot evade, and which must dictate the policies of the next one. The Atlantic Alliance must be rebuilt, the West must stick together. Otherwise the

LABOUR'S LOVE LOST

(Being a further comment from London on the subject of the article on page 33 of this issue)

When a fellow's got a job and a nice little house
And his paycheck grows like a flower,
    The guy's going to live
    Conservative
And stick with the party in power.

When a fellow has a car and a five-day week
And a welfare state in his pocket,
    He's not going to care
    Who put it there,
He'll just make sure not to rock it.

When a two-headed party with a playback mind
Tries to lure this fellow back in it,
    They find out soon
    That the same old tune
That won his vote—won't win it.

—SEC

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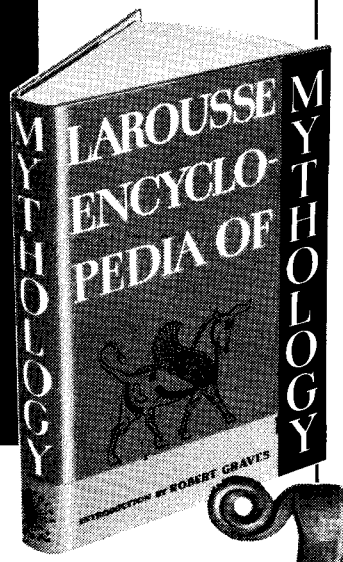

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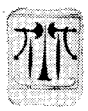

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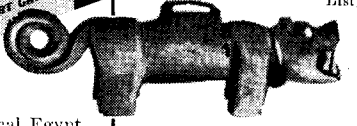

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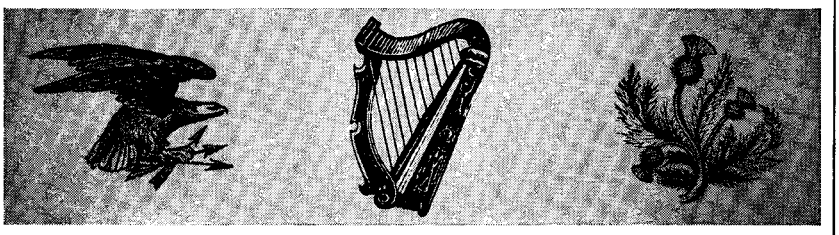

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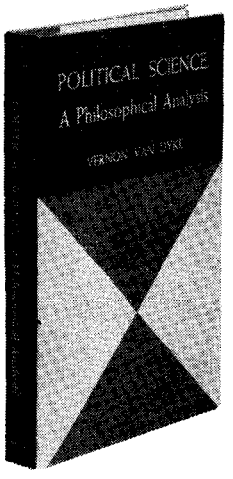

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western nations can just as well, one by one, drift away from the United Nations and let Khrushchev run the show.

Eyes on Texas

Reporters accompanying the Presidential candidates must still rely on hunches and guesses to size up people's reactions. The mere business of making crowd estimates, for example, is left to the mercy of exuberant police chiefs, while politicians stretch flagging memories to recall whether Stevenson did or did not draw as big a turnout when he visited San Antonio eight years earlier. In the caravans of correspondents who went with Nixon and Kennedy on successive days through the streets of Dallas, there were conflicting verdicts about how one reception compared with the other.

But some meaningful facts can be reported with confidence. As Kennedy moved through Texas one could attach certain significance to the mounting enthusiasm of Speaker Sam Rayburn, who, unique among politicians, displays his enthusiasm by the intensity of his scowl. It was no particular secret that Rayburn had not been happy about either the Kennedy nomination or his friend Lyndon Johnson's decision to be on the ticket. Yet after the massive outpouring of Texans to greet Kennedy in El Paso and Lubbock, the elderly Speaker visibly changed his mind. In Houston, after Kennedy had faced a kind of Protestant inquisition, Rayburn declared admiringly, "He ate them blood raw." By the time the tour reached Dallas, Mr. Sam was predicting Kennedy would be "one of our greatest Presidents." More significantly, he was issuing not so veiled threats about those Texans who, having fattened on Democratic rule, had deserted to Republicanism. Other Texas leaders like Governor Price Daniel and Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey, who had assumed what was politely described as an "inert" position during the 1956 campaign, seemed to be alive and kicking this time.

It was a curiously interesting performance Kennedy put on. Amid all the ten-gallon folderol that seems essential to Texas politics, the young senator clung to his custom-

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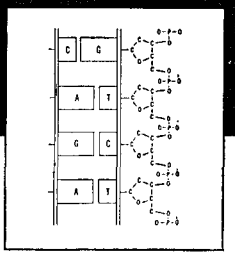
The secret of cancer— and life on Mars



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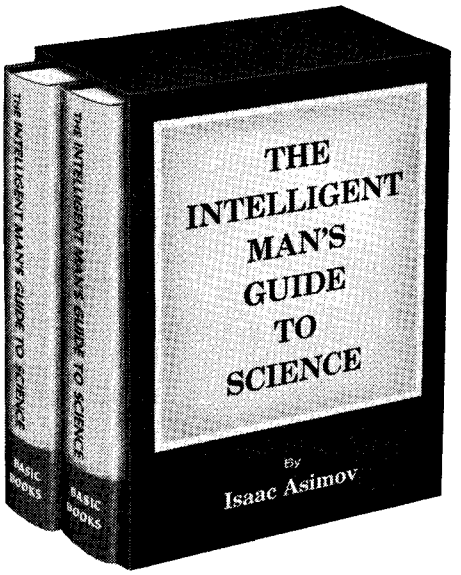

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ary restraint. He delivered no encomiums in response to those paid him by Rayburn, Johnson, and the others. With rigid integrity, he eschewed the flamboyant gestures common to politicians everywhere, rarely extending the wave of his arm above shoulder level. In Fort Worth, when one eager introducer called on him and Johnson to clasp hands in a victory gesture, Kennedy complied, but sheepishly. He gave his speeches with crisp directness, never straining for that "sincerity" his opponent constantly affects. Occasionally he issued bursts of rather good rhetoric, solemn but less oracular than Stevenson's. He pledged repeatedly that there would be no bed of roses on his new frontier. His endings were invariably abbreviated, as if he really didn't care to milk the last ounce of audience applause.

IT SEEMED to get across. When he had left the state, campaign organizers voiced high hopes that Texas will end its Republican binge that began with Eisenhower. In the G.O.P. stronghold of Dallas, the Kennedy-Johnson manager, a prominent young lawyer named Barefoot Sanders, reported that he has more volunteer workers than he knows what to do with. On the state level, there is little fear this time that the Democratic Party organization will serve simply as an unofficial recruiting agency for the Republicans.

This is not to say that the Nixon opposition is being taken lightly. While the Vice-President has not been able to call on some of the most prominent businessmen who supported Eisenhower, he has still found a rather influential group. As chairman of Texans for Nixon, he has a leathery old gent named Carr P. Collins, Sr., whose family made a fortune in Crazy Water Crystals and who has not squandered it as president of the Fidelity Union Life Insurance Company of Texas. Collins, having set up convenient headquarters for the Nixon operation in his company's modern skyscraper in Dallas, goes on a statewide radio broadcast fifteen minutes a day, five days a week, to assault the Kennedy ticket in folksy but fervid terms. He holds a princely position in the Southern Baptist Church's intricate power structure. But he denies rather petulantly that Catholicism has anything to do with the fact that for the first time since he fought Al Smith in 1928 he is again taking an active role in politics. "We've got twenty-five good reasons for opposing Kennedy without even getting to his religion," he told a member of our staff during a recent interview in his handsomely paneled office in Dallas. Those who have examined the transcripts claim that he has not been so fastidious in dealing with this subject in some of his broadcasts.

IT IS HARD to gauge the mood of Texas. Is religion going to be *the* issue? Even the ministers don't seem to be sure about their own flocks, much less about the surprising 45.5 per cent of this churchly state's population who are classified as "unchurched." Will Lyndon Johnson save Texas for the ticket, or will he suffer the common fate of the South's leaders who try to rise to national stature and promptly get denounced as renegades? Has the growing sense of uneasiness over foreign policy reached Texas now that Texaco's Cuban holdings have been taken over by Castro?

One shrewd Democrat in Dallas who has watched his state's politics for several decades claims that one major factor this year has been largely ignored. He points out that under the stern production controls of the Texas Railroad Commission, oil wells have recently been cut back to only eight pumping days a month. The oilman is feeling it in his pocketbook. According to this Texan's estimate, it is the most hopeful thing that has happened to the Democrats in a long time.

Newsworthy

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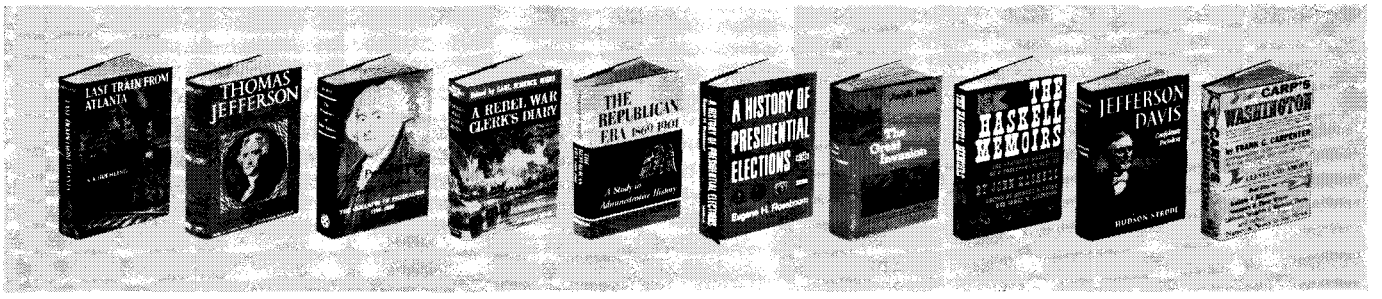

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CORRESPONDENCE

BELGIUM'S CASE

To the Editor: I would like to submit the following remarks about the article "The New Heart of Darkness," by Lloyd M. Garrison (*The Reporter,* September 1).

Mr. Garrison says that there were "only a few schools at the secondary level in the Congo under the Belgians." This statement is contradicted by the facts. In 1956-1957, there were more than fifty thousand pupils in the Congo's secondary and advanced training schools, according to the UNESCO report *International Statistics on Education, Culture and Mass Communication —1959.*

Mr. Garrison states, "Until just before independence, a Belgian could boast, 'You never saw an African in the hotels, cafés, and cinemas.'" Segregation never had any legal basis and the ordinances of the Governor General issued in 1955 which stressed social integration were but the consecration of an evolution tending to do away with any form of segregation. The integration of the schools had begun long before, and racial integration was applied right from the beginning at the two Congolese universities. At Lovanium University, in 1959-60, there were 139 Congolese students, forty-eight from Ruanda, thirteen from Urundi, 106 Belgian, and five foreign.

Mr. Garrison feels that Belgian armed intervention in the Congo "added to the list of Congolese atrocities scores more brought about by their own men." I would be grateful to the author for quoting *one* instance of an atrocity committed by the Belgian armed forces of intervention. He also feels that ". . . the extent of Congolese atrocities was nothing like what the horror headlines had implied." Apparently he thinks that the multiple rape of 291 women, including children ten and eleven years old, is not very horrible. Let him reflect one moment on the psychological and physiological effects this savage maltreatment must have on these unfortunate women. In the nineteenth century, people spoke of "a fate worse than death," a phrase which now appears antiquated but which seems to me to be highly applicable to these cases.

JAN-ALBERT GORIS
Commissioner of Information
Belgian Government
Information Center
New York

Mr. Garrison replies:
On the matter of secondary schools, I do not question Mr. Goris's figure of fifty thousand pupils. Probably the many complaints I heard from Congolese about the lack of opportunity for secondary-level education applied not to the present but to the recent past.

Regarding social segregation. I think we are in essential agreement: I wrote that "no 'White Only' signs were necessary. The African knew his place and dutifully stayed there"—ordinance or no ordinance.

Mr. Goris asks that I name one instance of atrocities committed by Belgian troops. In my article I referred to the air raid and naval bombardment against Congolese civilians at Matadi, following the evacuation of the last Belgian.

If one takes the tone of the article into consideration, I think it would be difficult to accuse me of attempting to soft-pedal Congolese atrocities, much less condone them. I merely attempted to counter the impression that every white community in the Congo was the scene of an orgiastic blood bath. Mr. Goris does not dispute my statistics, which conform to his own, or even my interpretation that "In a country the size of India, with a population of fourteen million Congolese and 120,000 Belgians, the incidents, however savage, proved to be relatively few."

LOCAL POLITICS

To the Editor: I very much enjoyed Douglass Cater's "The Unleashing of Richard Nixon" (*The Reporter,* September 1), and I appreciate his classing me among the young Republican Congressmen who represent the "real vitality" of the Republican Party.

THOMAS B. CURTIS
2nd District, Missouri
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: "The 'Silent Ones' Speak Up in Tennessee" by David Halberstam (*The Reporter,* September 1) was an excellent analysis of the Tennessee campaign and lived up to *The Reporter's* constant effort to give its readers the extra dimension of perspective. Senator Kefauver's successful campaign certainly puts this border state, which is my home, squarely in the mainstream of American life.

RICHARD J. WALLACE
Washington

To the Editor: Having traveled with Senator Estes Kefauver in Tennessee, I'd say that David Halberstam's postmortem on the Senator's primary victory is just about the last word.

FOREST W. AMSDEN
Executive Editor
The World
Coos Bay, Oregon

ROUND THE LOOP

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner's piece on the Chicago police scandal ("A Tale of Cops, Robbers, and the Visiting Professor," *The Reporter,* September 15) is very well done and provides good insight into the folkways of our fair city without becoming overly involved with detail. Also, I believe it is the first coherent roundup of the situation that has been published anywhere, including Chicago.

RICHARD LEWIS
Chicago

THOSE NEGRO 'MUSLIMS'

To the Editor: Nat Hentoff's article on the Elijah Muhammad movement ("Elijah in the Wilderness," *The Reporter,* August 4) contains much that is interesting and informative—or at least as informative as any statements of fact can be on a subject that so eludes accurate fact finding. It is in the realm of evaluation that one begins to feel uneasy, however, and never more so than when Mr. Hentoff avows that Muhammad "has succeeded in building the largest mass movement among Negroes since Marcus Garvey."

The Muhammad movement is credited by Mr. Hentoff with "more than a hundred thousand" members. The fact is that there is no better evidence for this estimate than there is for the estimate that Marcus Garvey enrolled "at least half a million."

Now, there is no statutory standard for what constitutes a "mass movement," but presumably numbers are not Mr. Hentoff's criterion. If the number of members is the determining factor, the N.A.A.C.P. would surely be entitled to classify itself as the "largest mass movement." We had over 350,000 on our books as of the end of 1959, and these are certifiable figures. There is no inflation, no padding, no guesswork; every one of those persons had paid his dues within the year being reported. If the number were extended to include all the people who are carrying N.A.A.C.P. membership cards around in their wallets and who consider themselves members but have not paid dues for the last year or two, the total would in all likelihood be nearly a million. Yet Mr. Muhammad, with a dubious hundred thousand, has built the "largest mass movement among Negroes since Marcus Garvey."

JOHN A. MORSELL
Assistant to the Executive Secretary
N.A.A.C.P.
New York

Mr. Hentoff replies:
My estimate of "at least half a million" for the strength of the Garvey movement was deliberately conservative because, as Mr. Morsell notes, authentic membership listings are nearly nonexistent. My figure, however, is below the consensus of most specialists in American Negro history. As for Mr. Muhammad's 100,000, my primary source was Professor C. Eric Lincoln of Atlanta University, who has done more original and long-term research on the American Muslims than anyone else.

It certainly never occurred to me to compare the N.A.A.C.P. with a racist, separatist movement such as Muhammad's is and Garvey's was. I meant "mass movement" in that context, as I think my article makes clear.

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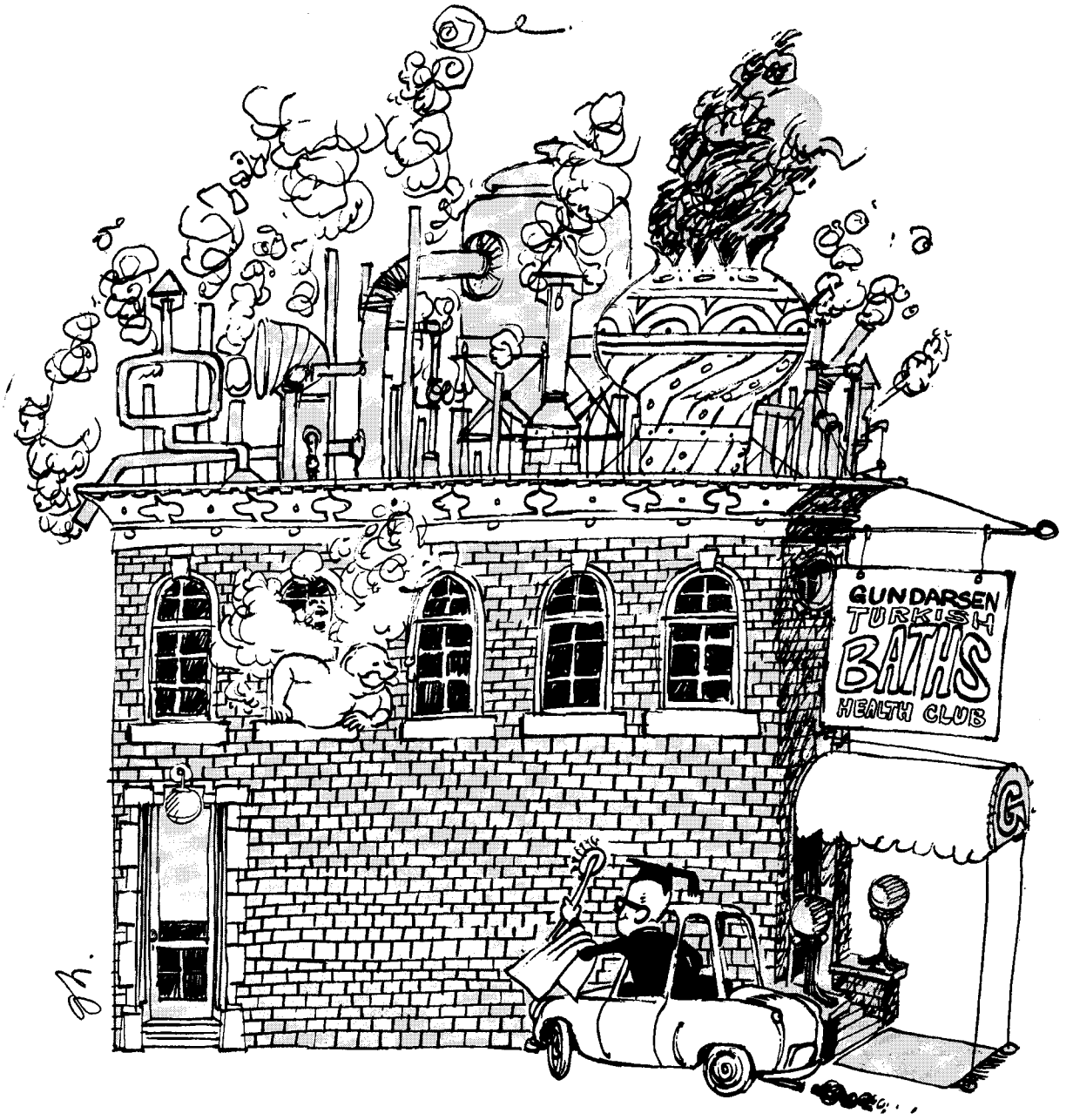

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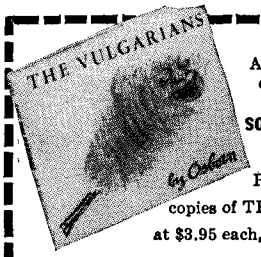

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

IN HIS EDITORIAL, **Max Ascoli** concludes that in this Presidential election there is only one choice. We are going to do our best to help our candidate get elected. Sometimes our best will involve criticizing him—both during the campaign and, we hope, after he moves into the White House.

As to the other candidate, a member of our staff, **Meg Greenfield,** has done a job of research and analysis that has kept her busy for months. We don't know how she managed to get through Nixon's collected works, but she did it.

EVERY ONE of de Gaulle's rare press conferences is an extraordinary performance that justifiably attracts world attention. **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, comments on the general's latest declaration about Algeria and about the alliance. This declaration seems to have pleased nobody—not in this country and not in the allied nations, France included. But more than once people have changed their minds about what the general has said. . . . **Naomi Barko,** a former member of *The Reporter's* staff, tells what a group of dedicated citizens on New York's lower East Side are doing to help in the struggle against juvenile delinquency. The members of LENA would be the first to insist, despite the encouraging results they are obtaining, that juvenile delinquency can never be abolished through any one technique, or by any one group acting in one or in several city districts. They view the co-operation they have inaugurated as no more than a beginning—a step forward, but no more than that, toward success. . . . How can our economic growth be given greater stability? Following Arthur J. Goldberg's "Suggestion for a New Labor Policy" in our last issue, we offer a parallel proposal on the important subject of economic mobility. Since it has become one of the political facts of life in America that the government will intervene on a fairly massive scale when specific areas of the economy are in acute distress, **Longstreth Wright** suggests that it might make more sense to encourage marginal producers to shift to more hopeful activities than to subsidize them so that they only sink in even deeper where they are. . . . The figures on the number of people who are gainfully employed in this country make for cheerful reading, as **Sar A. Levitan** points out, until we take a look at the companion figures on the number of people who are unemployed. Mr. Levitan is a labor specialist at the legislative reference service of the Library of Congress. . . . **George Steiner** collected the official statistics and the personal impressions for his article on a recent trip to Britain, where he worked for several years as a staff member of the London *Economist.*

FROM TIME TO TIME we get a little fed up with the theoretical analysis of man's condition so endlessly indulged in by certain French existentialists. There is undeniable interest for all of us, however, in the tortured unrest of such eminent figures as Sartre and de Beauvoir. **Madeleine Chapsal,** who has talked with both, summarizes their present uneasy position. . . . **Curtis Harnack,** author of *The Work of an Ancient Hand* (Harcourt), recently returned from a year's teaching in Iran, where he felt unavoidable embarrassment because of the relatively extreme opulence he enjoyed in his tin-can oasis in a desert of poverty. . . . Our Record Notes are by **Nat Hentoff,** a regular contributor. . . . A brilliant Irish short-story writer and essayist surveys the novel of another insurgent spirit. **Frank O'Connor's** many books include *Domestic Relations*; *Mirror In the Roadway*; *Kings, Lords and Commons*; and three other collections, all published by Knopf. . . . **Herbert Feinstein,** a lawyer who has taught English at the University of California at Berkeley, and at San Francisco State College, surveys California's contribution to American writing.

Our cover is by **Jay Jacobs,** an artist who writes for us or, alternatively, a writer who paints for us.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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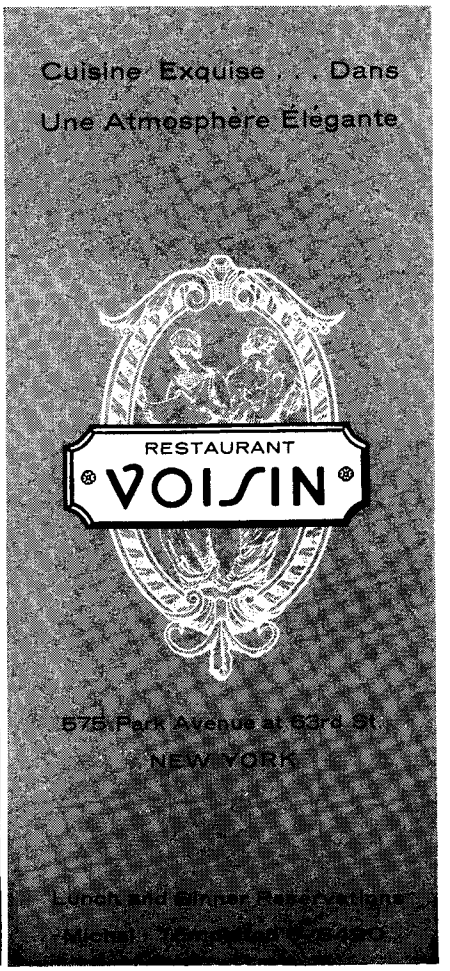

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The Only Choice

THE CAMPAIGN has been going on for several weeks, the Presidential candidates are on the road, and still there is an uneasy, listless mood in many sections of the population—or maybe in all sections, including that of the professional politicians. This uneasiness, this listlessness, was already apparent at the pre-convention stage of the campaign; it has not been shaken off by the predictable nomination of the two candidates.

What is it that is lacking? Do we need one more set of purposes, or rather two, Republican and Democratic, so that the goals may be redefined and new life given to old ideas? But all this should have been taken care of in the two party platforms, just as all available idea men and experts in sloganeering have been mobilized. In fact, our parties have given full employment to motivational researchers, pollsters, and to all sorts of live-wires good at arousing popular passion. The only thing of which there is a considerable scarcity is popular passion.

The reason, we submit, is that we are still paying for the last outburst of passionate politics eight years ago. During the Presidential campaign of 1952, a candidate, whose election had already been taken for granted or ardently advocated by an overwhelming number of citizens even before the campaign began, let himself be transformed into a protagonist of the most venomous, divisive partisanship. Yet Dwight Eisenhower was supposed to be a living symbol of national and interallied unity.

It was also thought that the return to power of the Republican Party would be a tribute to our two-party system. Unfortunately, it so happened that a number of Republican politicians did not cherish the prospect of Eisenhower's inevitable triumph. They wanted him to fight for his election as if he had been one of those who had opposed his nomination. They succeeded. Who will ever forget those weeks? That man, who looked so real, let himself be turned into an image. What the image conveyed was controlled by others.

That breach of national unity, that bitter disappointment which many of us can neither forget nor forgive, found its compensation in Adlai Stevenson. There was wisdom in his words during the 1952 campaign, and stylistic grace, and courage, but somehow all the virtues that were considered inherent in Eisenhower's personality turned out enfeebled when reflected in Stevenson's beautiful prose. For it was not in him to succeed just as it was not in Eisenhower to deprive himself of victory.

The trauma of 1952 turned out to be particularly shattering, for many of the darkest fears that haunted us at the time were borne out by later events. The prestige of the nation *did* go down, the ties binding the alliance *did* loosen, and all the time the manipulators of slogans never stopped telling the people that everything was going fine, that the Communist enemies were in retreat, and, indeed, that their rout was going to start any moment.

Now we can see the results during this Presidential election that does not succeed in capturing popular attention, while so many other competing shows are on the road or in faraway lands. Khrushchev has been on the road for months, and now he has come over here to celebrate the constant growth of his power. In faraway lands ludicrous things are happening, all somehow arranged or exploited against us—and the list is just as long as it is sickening.

The two Presidential candidates are competing for a receivership. No wonder there is no swooning this time on either side. Between the two young men, however, the difference could not be more radical. One stands for the continuation of what we have, with all the accompanying delusions and concealment of truth. In fact, Richard Nixon is campaigning on the issue of the growing American primacy at all levels, military as well as spiritual.

The other candidate is laboriously fighting his way from one unsolved crucial problem to another, or struggling against one mean prejudice after another. Fortunately, Jack Kennedy has a cool, unemotional mind. He has an overwhelming number of advisers, ready to provide him with their wisdom on all possible subjects, from opposition to tailfins to the necessity of aligning our country with the Afro-Asian bloc, thus letting the Atlantic Alliance down. But Kennedy is the kind of ageless young man who knows that only he himself can be the builder of his personality. He knows how to address a crowd and yet keep his distance.

AS OUR READERS may gather, we are declaring ourselves for Kennedy. With all respect to him, we wish our choice were harder to make. This election, which finds large sections of the public still listless, is among the most momentous our nation has ever had. The very listlessness of the public is one of the evidences of how critical the situation is. The perhaps unprecedented gravity of the choice the people will make on November 8 can be put in these very simple terms: We have a chance with Kennedy, we are sunk with Nixon.

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The Prose Of Richard M. Nixon

MEG GREENFIELD

"I believe that of all the potential candidates . . . on the American scene today, I have set forth with greater precision and in more detail my views on the major issues than any of the others."
—Richard M. Nixon, June 9, 1960.

THE TENDENCY to change an opinion is by no means rare among politicians, but the student of Richard Nixon's prose is at first overwhelmed by the number and variety of what appear to be total reversals. The Nixon of 1956, for example, who opposed the suspension of nuclear-weapons tests as "catastrophic nonsense," was followed by the Nixon of 1959, who after tests had been suspended was against the resumption of underground tests. Then on July 23, 1960, Nixon said that he agreed with Governor Rockefeller that underground tests *should* be resumed immediately, although less than a month later, on August 13, he opposed their resumption.

Those who have claimed at various stages in his career that there is a "new" Nixon have certainly been right. For there is always a new Nixon, as he shuttles back and forth between polar positions that seem diametrically opposed. On the subject of economic growth, to cite another instance, the new Nixon of July 23, 1960, said that he agreed with Governor Rockefeller that it is imperative that we accelerate our economic growth rate as promptly as possible to five per cent, although an older Nixon of June 21, 1960, had denounced the "growthmanship" of those who, warning of the gains of the Soviet economy, suggested acceleration to five per cent; it was "no service to America or the free societies," *that* Nixon had commented, "to overestimate Communist achievements." A somewhat older Nixon of April 24, 1958, however, had declared that the Soviet economy was growing faster than ours and had supported a recommendation that we try to achieve a five per cent rate of growth. Among all these Nixons, we must not overlook the Nixon of 1954, who responded to Adlai Stevenson's warning that the Soviet economy was growing faster than ours with the observation that Stevenson was "spreading pro-Communist propaganda as he has attacked with violent fury the economic system of the United States . . ."

If drastic changes of position are found to occur, then, within the span of a few weeks, it might be supposed that they are tailored to the expectations of different audiences. Further examination of the texts, however, reveals that the switches from yes to no, from black to white, frequently occur within the confines of a single speech. In Nixon's widely reported address on economic growth in St. Louis this spring, for instance, he came out emphatically both for and against government spending. The first part of the speech, which was highlighted in the press, ridiculed those who assume that "government activity is in itself good." But, Nixon added, getting ready to start off in another direction, "It is just as wrong to assume that government activity is in itself bad." He then proceeded to call for government funds in support of public education, transportation, urban renewal, natural resources, and scientific and technological programs.

The Short Bridge from (a) to (b)

The standard pattern of Nixon's prose goes something like this: statement of one side of the case (a), followed by a statement of the other side of the case (b). Although the bridge from (a) to (b) is usually the word "but," other familiar locutions such as "at the same time," "on the other hand," and "however" also

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enable him to take a position and warn against it at the same time. When he is in good form the transition can be made in a single paragraph or even a single sentence.

As reported in the press, his remarks are easily identifiable as castings from the same mold:

"Vice-President Richard M. Nixon predicted here last night that most of the present population would live to see racial integration accomplished in the nation's public schools. At the same time, he warned that the most nearly perfect law was only as good as the will of the people to obey it. . . ."—October 19, 1956.

"Vice-President Richard M. Nixon gave qualified endorsement today to Federal assistance for projects aimed at increasing the physical fitness of youth. However, he warned the President's Council on Youth Fitness against trying to impose 'a single straightjacket program' on the country. He said the United States must not emulate the Soviet youth festivals, which, he declared, 'stress the mass and ignore the individual.' "—September 9, 1957.

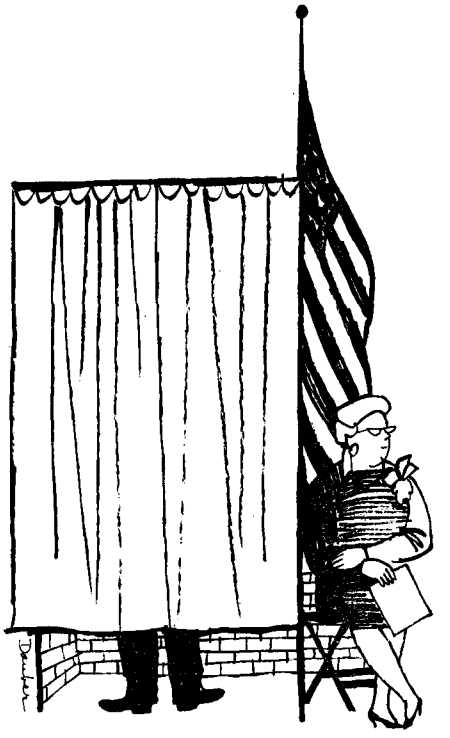
"Vice-President Richard M. Nixon warned today that the United States must not become a 'pale carbon copy of the scientific materialism which the Soviet Union offers to the world.' At the same time he said the nation must not fail 'to develop the economic, the psychological and other forces to keep free nations and so-called uncommitted nations from falling under the domination of Communist powers.' "—November 24, 1957.

A reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* recently attempted to convey, in more detail than a press report usually allows, exactly what Nixon was saying on his Southern tour. "The Vice-President," William H. Stringer wrote, "likely will make these points, though the wording will be stronger or milder, depending on whether he is speaking in North Carolina or in Mississippi: 1. 'Everyone is aware of my strong convictions on civil rights. I believe in the civil rights plank in the Republican platform.' This is Mr. Nixon's opening statement. 2. But the Vice-President will add, 'I know this is a difficult problem—because I lived in the South . . .' 3. Then—a debater's effective technique—Mr. Nixon will charge that the Democratic civil rights plank is unsound because 'it promises too much. . . . ' 4. About here, Mr. Nixon will declare—and this brings a strong round of applause—that 'laws alone are not the answer.' He will remark that, as he learned in law school, a contract is only as good as the will of the parties to keep it."

A Way Must Be Found

When Nixon cannot gracefully avoid making known his choice between (a) and (b), he often provides us with (c), which differs from separately acknowledging each side of a question only in that it acknowledges them both at once.

For when it comes right down to proposing a solution to a problem or an answer to a question, Nixon is the first to acknowledge that A Way Must Be Found. Sometimes this sentiment appears in the form of a call for more research, an expanded program of study, or a pledge to look into the problem. In the Nixon Kit recently sent out from his campaign headquarters in Washington



and entitled "Become Better Acquainted With Richard Nixon," he is asked whether he favors "any legislation or steps to curb big union monopolies . . . to limit their power, or to apply perhaps anti-trust legislation to big unions such as the Steel Workers or the Auto Workers." The Vice-President replies that he does not think "the effect of anti-trust legislation would be to realize the objective which those who favor it would want to realize."(a) However, there are serious problems "when we have great power in our industrial complex, concentrated power so great that a dispute can go on so long that the public interest is endangered."(b) Nixon then declares: "I am currently making a study of this concentration of power to see what legislative approaches could be made which would protect the public interest in these disputes from excessive use of power by labor or by management." (c: A Way Must Be Found.)

Another way to find a way is to call on others to exert leadership or, at the very least, to behave themselves. Again in the Nixon Kit, when asked whether we should leave Southern problems alone or have "more Federal government force," the candidate answers first that we cannot leave the problem alone, citing the Voting Referee bill (a), adding a warning that there is a "limitation" on government policy (b). Federal law alone will not solve the problem, we are told. After calling for the development of local leadership, Nixon concludes:

"Because, in the final analysis, might I say, this is a domestic problem for us, but there is nothing that harms the United States more abroad than the spectacle of our failing to live up to the precepts of freedom at home [a]. It is not easy, and we must not be intolerant of our friends and neighbors in the South who have this problem [b]. But we must move forward with progress [a]—but with sensible, achievable progress; not with demagoguery [b], but with the hard work and the leadership that the nation and this problem deserve [c]."

The Straw Men

When Nixon is called upon to explain an action or defend a policy from which he cannot disengage himself merely by pointing out that A Way Must Be Found, he frequently responds by providing a ringing answer, directly and with no hint of hesitation, to a question that has not been asked or, then again, by reject-

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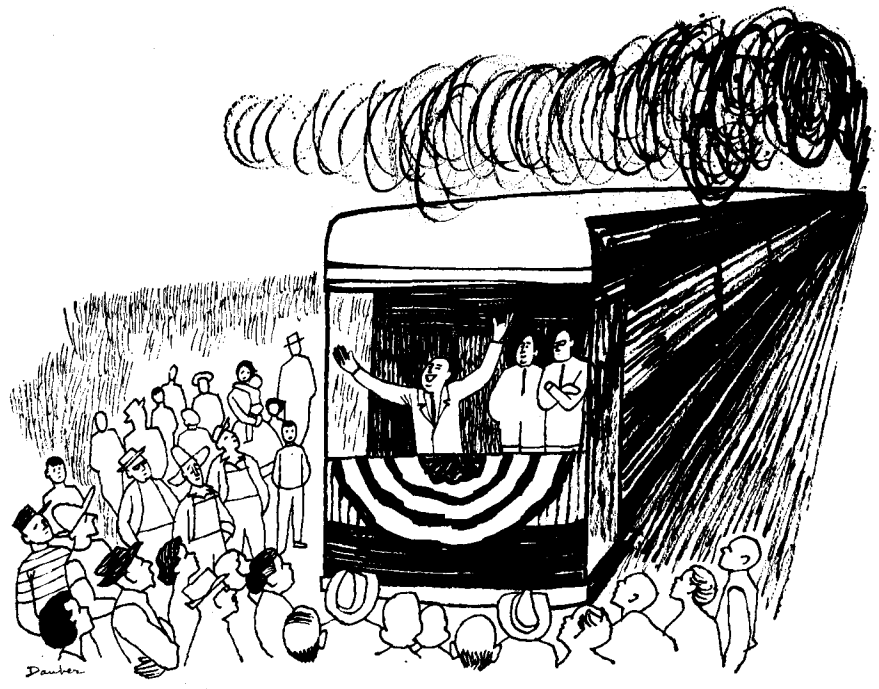
ing a proposal that has never even been made.

In 1956 Nixon converted Adlai Stevenson's proposal for a cessation of nuclear testing into a proposal for unilateral disarmament and went on to let the American people know exactly what he thought of the proposal Stevenson had not made. "We're fortunate that we have a President of the United States who has no greater desire than to remove the threat of H-bomb or any kind of war from the face of the earth," Nixon told a campaign audience in Pennsylvania, "but we're also fortunate that we have a President of the United States who isn't a sucker and who isn't going to be made one and who says we will not disarm unless we have inspection that proves our potential enemies are doing so also."

This spring after the collapse of the summit conference, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee announced its intention to investigate the circumstances surrounding the handling of the U-2 incident, Nixon responded in much the same manner: "Feeling confident the public is behind him," the Wall Street *Journal* reported, "Mr. Nixon began at Buffalo yesterday to attack the administration's critics as people who would abandon Berlin to the Reds and who want the U.S., by restricting its intelligence activities, to remain ignorant of Soviet military power."



THE ever-new Nixon rarely if ever runs against his actual opponent. "I welcome the opposition of the PAC with its Communist principles and its huge slush fund," Nixon announced in his 1946 campaign. "We welcome the opposition of the Communist Party in this campaign—and we are going to beat them; no question about it," he told a Montana audience in 1954.

The identification of his opponents with Communism is generally considered to be a chapter from Nixon's past. In not very subtle ways, however, he has managed to assert throughout the last two years that those who have criticized him or the Eisenhower administration or the Republican Party on matters ranging from the economy to national defense have not in fact attacked those policies but have attacked America itself. The implication is either that they have suggested we adopt a Communist system, or, when this won't do, that they have not criticized a policy but a basic American institution. "It's time to stop selling America short" appears to be the grand theme of his campaign for the Presidency, suggesting as it does some unspecified deficiency of patriotism in his opponents.

Take the matter of economic growth. "The critics," Nixon declared this spring, during his brief respite from being one of them, "argue that if we would just adopt their pet philosophy we too would grow like the Soviets." He went on to suggest that they were in some way urging us to emulate the Communists. The same association occurred a few weeks later in Nixon's acceptance speech when he declared: "At a time when the Communists have found it necessary to turn to decentralization of their economy and to turn to the use of individual incentive to increase productivity, at a time, in other words, when they are turning our way, I say we must and we will not make the mistake of turning their way."

Refusal to answer a question while setting up a straw man to attack instead is a not uncommon device of debating. But in Nixon's prose the straw man emerges as more than a debating device: it is an innate feature of his thinking. Nixon apparently finds it almost impossible to make a statement that is *not,* in some manner, an argument. Ideas never quite exist for him until they have been pitted against something else—an extreme danger, a radically different point of view, or a potential attack from some sinister quarter. He will urge boys and girls to read books in *This Week* magazine because the Communists are "waging an all-out war for men's minds" and knowledge "is the key to survival." If he discusses traffic deaths before a Safety Council meeting, he will claim that the highway toll puts the American system on trial. In urging his followers to be more judicious in their charges of subversion against others, he will argue that the reason is that we must be fair, and add that being fair will help us to catch more Communists. Books, death, and justice cannot quite stand on their own as matters of serious concern.

When Nixon sets forth his views, the alternative is nearly always perdition, and he spends a great deal of his time describing in fearsome detail what he does not think, putting it in such a way that no one else could possibly have thought it. Unreal people and unreal situations are regularly conjured up against which to contrast what he is about to say. "There are those . . .," "Some of you may say," "I have heard it said . . . ," Nixon confides. "As a

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matter of fact," Nixon told a television audience before whom he was discussing McCarthyism in 1954, "I heard people say, 'After all, they are a bunch of rats. What we ought to do is go out and shoot them.' Well, I agree they are a bunch of rats [a], but just remember this. When you go out to shoot rats you have to shoot straight [b], because when you shoot wildly . . ."

Sometimes the straw men come in pairs, and he then rejects both of them, thus placing himself comfortably in the middle. His appeal this fall, we learned not long ago, will be to "positive, progressive conservatism." What is that? It is reported to be a "philosophy that rejects the all-out programs of the Left and the negativism of the far Right without ignoring or failing to deal with genuine social and economic problems."

The Slippery Would-Have-Been

Another technique Nixon has perfected for winning fights against phantoms is to tell us what would have been or what might still be—if we fail to heed his warning. "I have just been thinking what would have happened if Mr. Stevenson had been President for the last three years," he told an audience in 1956. "We of course do not know the answer to that question, but of these principles I am sure: indecision, weakness, retreat, and surrender do not bring peace in dealing with dictatorial, aggressive Communism." Here is the Would-Have-Been in its purest form.

And just as the alternative in this case to a Republican victory would have been, once again, an advance for international Communism, so in defending his part in the January steel-strike settlement against charges that it was an inflationary solution, he argued that the alternative would have been nothing less than the end of the free-enterprise system. "The price the union would have insisted upon would inevitably have gone up rather than down," Nixon explained, and the government would have been forced to intervene. But ". . . any government-imposed settlement that the Congress would have brought about through compulsory arbitration, plant seizure or some other government device, would have been higher than the one agreed upon at this point. . . . the result would not only have been a government-imposed settlement of this dispute but a real possibility of the enactment of permanent legislation which would have provided for some form of government-imposed compulsory arbitration in all major labor disputes. . . . government arbitration means government wage fixing and . . . government wage fixing inevitably means government price fixing. Once we get into this vicious circle not only collective bargaining but the productive private enterprise system, as we know it, is doomed."

This technique has recently been applied even to the matter of Federal contributions to teachers' salaries: school buildings are apparently safe enough, but if one dollar of Federal funds had gone to teachers, he cautions, it would have been the end of educational freedom in our country.

Nixon's obsession with the ruinous possibilities that gape on either side

has apparently played a part in making him into a stand-patter by default, scarcely a statesman who moves toward his goals one step at a time.

Character References

One goal he has steadily if somewhat erratically pursued, however, is the constant retouching of his own public image. NIXON'S AIM: TO PORTRAY HIMSELF AS A REGULAR GUY, a New York *Herald Tribune* headline said this summer. NIXON BUILDS A 'NICE GUY' ROLE, as the *Times* put it. HE'LL CAMPAIGN AS MAN TO STAND UP TO SOVIET AMID RISING TENSION, the *Wall Street Journal* revealed. What does this latter role mean? "If East-West tensions continue high. . . ," the *Journal* reports, "and Americans seem disposed to stand up to Premier Khrushchev, the Vice-President will picture himself as a man who knows how to talk tough to the Russian boss and win his respect with firmness."

Foremost among the roles that Nixon has consciously assumed is that of statesman-companion to the great. In 1955, for example, Nixon boasted that he had "visited thirty countries, meeting two emperors, three kings, seventeen presidents, six prime ministers, and two governor generals." He has added to his collection since then, and he informed an interviewer this spring that he has now had discussions with "thirty-five presidents, nine prime ministers, five kings, two emperors, and the Shah of Iran."

By means of this laundry-list approach to foreign policy Nixon apparently aims to achieve an aura of leadership by association, and he has repeatedly undertaken to answer questions on foreign affairs in terms of his special understanding of the world figures involved. To be sure, it has been a year since he set out to explain the true attitude of the underprivileged peoples toward freedom by saying, "As Mr. Castro told me . . ."

It is characteristic that the case for Nixon's expertise on foreign affairs is not based on the validity of his past judgments. The same man who called for intervention in Indo-China at the time of Dienbienphu and opposed any political settlement based on accepting the division of either Indo-China or Korea was later able to boast that thanks to the Eisenhower administration, we had "not only been gotten out of one war, we had been kept out of others." All we are told is that he has gained invaluable experience the past seven and a half years just by being around with a lot of important people.

As a further help to the voters in appraising his qualifications, Nixon modestly offers his own character reference: he is the opposite of a politician. "Politics" is always a bad word in his vocabulary, and he

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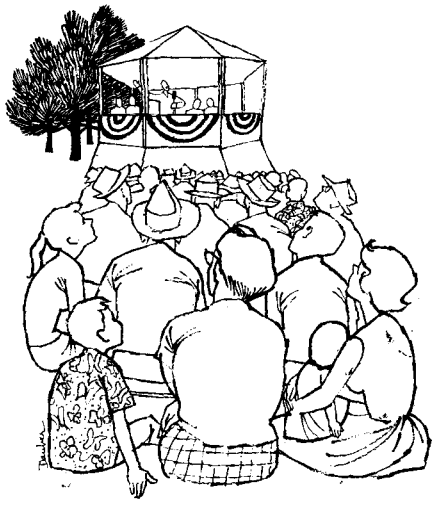
regularly calls attention to the political bravery of the utterance he is making as well as the nonpolitical nature of his views. This role is put to two very practical purposes. One is to justify his position by indicating that the alternative would be the "political" and thereby self-serving course to take. "The usual political thing to do when charges are made against you," Nixon began his famous "Checkers" address in 1952, "is to either ignore them or deny them without giving details." Having deprecated the usual political thing, he proceeded to improve on it by ignoring the pertinent charge while inventing others that he denied in copious detail.

Another proof of his high-minded motivations was offered when he told David Susskind and a large television audience about his famous kitchen debate in Moscow. Had he "talked back in kind" to Khrushchev in the kitchen, Nixon said, it would "have created an incident which might have built me up, but it certainly, might I say, would not have been in the best interests of the United States." It just showed, Nixon said, what "a man in public life must do at times." This was a curious statement in view of the fact that a photograph of Nixon poking his finger in what looks like righteous indignation at Khrushchev's lapel and captioned with a stern comment adorns nearly all of Nixon's political literature in this campaign. It becomes even more curious when we consider that the stern comment in the caption was not actually spoken in the course of the debate at all.

The Poor Man's Adlai

In the constant retouching of his image, Nixon frequently draws inspiration from other public figures. Among these figures, oddly enough, the one Nixon has copied most assiduously is Adlai Stevenson, whom Nixon has variously described as "Adlai the Appeaser" and "a man of integrity and character." Despite the violence of his attacks on him, there is, in Nixon's prose, evidence both of cribbing from Stevenson and of an attempt to approximate Stevenson's public image—at least as Nixon understands it.

Nixon's reference to "pockets of poverty" in 1956, for example, prompted a New York *Times* correspondent to note that the phrase was originally Stevenson's and that, in fact, Nixon's program for social and economic reforms seemed "to coincide with Mr. Stevenson's 'new America.' " At the same time, Nixon was able to say of Stevenson's "new America" proposals that "His intemperate attacks on the American economy, in which he has pictured us as a nation ridden with poverty and injustice, is grist for the propaganda mills of those who are trying to tell the uncommitted peoples of the world that their best hope for a better way of life lies in turning toward Communism rather than freedom." Things are bad(a). But saying so harms us abroad(b).



Nixon is not, of course, the only politician who has adopted the jargon of decision, sacrifice, crisis, and greatness. But in his appropriation of phrases and affectations—down to the inevitable high-minded quotation from Woodrow Wilson—he displays an unfailing instinct for the windier, more pompous aspects of Stevenson's rhetoric. And Nixon presents himself to us now in the role of a humble, self-effacing man who is only in all this to answer a great summons and who is sorely troubled by a sense of personal unworthiness. "My only prayer as I stand here is that in the months ahead I may be in some way worthy . . . ," he confessed to his convention audience. ". . . It would be difficult for any man to say that he was qualified . . . ," he began his peroration, having already declared, in Stevensonian rhythms: "Let me tell you something of the goal of this better America toward which we will strive. In this America . . ."

Interchangeable Parts

There can be no question about Nixon's adroitness at mastering the various roles he assumes. An off-the-cuff television appearance, "creating an illusion of intimacy so desirable to winning the viewers," as the New York *Times* quoted him, takes hours of preparation, and he implied that "very little done or said could be termed genuinely impromptu." The record bears out this observation and suggests a few more.

The extent to which Nixon memorizes his lines has never been fully appreciated. The "Checkers" speech is a case in point. Even though it was billed and reviewed as a spontaneous expression based on a few notes, texts of whistle-stop speeches are extant in which he declaimed some of the same paragraphs and phrases—almost verbatim—that were to be heard on the nation-wide broadcast.

In his Presidential campaign he has been making full use of his extensive collection of interchangeable, pre-tested paragraphs. Along with the "Don't Sell America Short" theme, for example, he was reported by Chalmers Roberts in the Washington *Post* to be getting "a good response with a line he used in the 1958 Congressional campaign: 'You can have the best Social Security, the best medical care, the best education in the world but it won't do you much good if you're not around to enjoy it.' " This piece is at least as old as the 1954 Congressional campaign, although its meaning has not become much clearer with the passing of time. For the stand-bys of Nixon's repertory are usually those most remote from the practical concerns of politics. They are his inspirational set pieces, some of which Nixon repeated to such excess in 1956 that reporters traveling with him took to referring to each paragraph by name. The part about President Eisenhower being a man you could hold up to your children thus became the "weight-lifting" theme.

When called upon to give his views on the struggle between East and West, Nixon has relied

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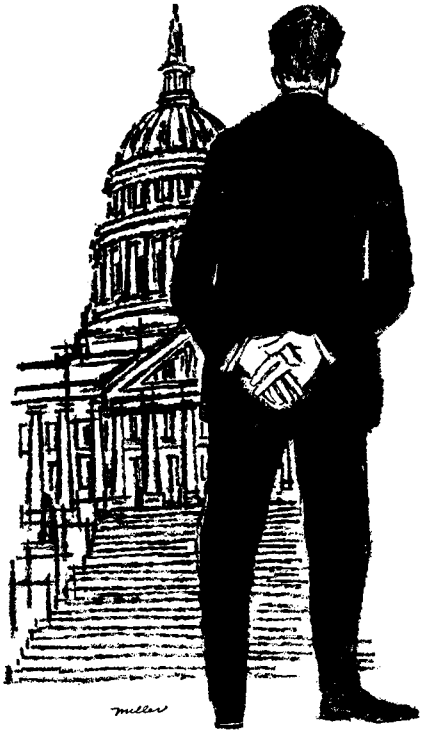
on a number of such set pieces. One of them has turned up in innumerable speeches, at a post-convention interview, and in the middle of the acceptance speech: "Let us speak less of the threat of Communism and more of the promise of freedom," it goes in one version (London Guildhall, 1958); "Let us adopt as our primary objective not the defeat of Communism but the victory of plenty over want, of health over disease, of freedom over tyranny." Dressed up for the acceptance speech it reads: "our answer to the threat of the Communist Revolution is renewed devotion to the great ideals of the American Revolution . . . let the victory we seek be not victory over any other nation or any other people. Let it be the victory of freedom over tyranny, of plenty over hunger, of health over disease in every country of the world." In Moscow, Nixon tactfully left out the part about the two revolutions and the victory of freedom but retained the general form: "Let us work for victory not in war but for the victory of plenty over poverty, of health over disease, of understanding over ignorance, wherever they exist in the world."

WHATEVER anyone else may think about Nixon's tendency to repeat himself, Nikita Khrushchev was apparently not much impressed in the extraordinarily overrated "kitchen debate" when Nixon continued to respond to the Soviet leader's harassment with a vigorous call for "a free exchange of ideas." "The Americans," Khrushchev said with a sneer, "have created their own image of the Soviet man and think he is as you want him to be. But he is not as you think. You think the Russian people will be dumbfounded to see these things, but the fact is that newly built Russian houses have all this equipment right now. Moreover, all you have to do to get a house is to be born in the Soviet Union. You are entitled to housing. I was born in the Soviet Union. So I have a right to a house. In America if you don't have a dollar—you have the right to choose between sleeping in a house or on the pavement. Yet you say that we are slaves of Communism." This tirade was omitted in Nixon's book, and so was the reply: "I appreciate that you are very articulate and energetic."

Finding the Words

If his stock of memorized lines did not serve him well in the Russian kitchen, Nixon does not seem to have lost confidence in their usefulness for addressing the American people. His acceptance speech was largely a pastiche of the same set pieces he has counted on to communicate his deepest convictions to the Russians, the British, and the Republicans of Milwaukee. Although he told reporters that he had been meditating and reading philosophy for a week in preparation for the big event, the



speech itself was a recital of paragraphs used on countless occasions and a compendium of nearly all his most familiar rhetorical devices:

¶ There was the nonpolitical man responding to the Democratic program with a bold refutation of a straw man: "what should our answer be? And some might say, why, do as they do. Outpromise them, because that's the only way to win. . . . I serve notice here and now that whatever the political consequences, we are not going to try to outpromise our opponents in this campaign."

¶ There was the predictable contradiction between this declaration and what followed: a promise of higher wages, increased health protection for the aged, better education and schools, prosperity for the farmer, support for the scientists, further development of natural resources, and "the greatest progress in human rights since the days of Lincoln."

¶ There was the carefully planted hedge about how these promised programs were to be achieved: "A government has a role and a very important one [a], but the role of government is not to take responsibility from the people but to put responsibility on them. [b] It is not to dictate to the people but to encourage and stimulate the creative productivity of 180,000,000 free Americans. That is the way to progress in America. [c]"

¶ There was the conversion of the critics of Republican policy into critics of the country itself who "refuse to see what is right about America."

¶ There was the list of faraway places where the itinerant statesman had been getting on-the-job training: "in the Kremlin . . . in Caracas . . . in Jakarta . . . in Bogotá . . . in Warsaw."

¶ There was the phrase borrowed straight from Stevenson about a "time for greatness."

¶ There was an old inspirational set piece: "One hundred years ago in this city Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President of the United States. The problems which will confront our next President will be even greater than those that confronted him. The question then was freedom for the slaves and survival of the nation. The question now is freedom for all mankind and the survival of civilization . . ."

("An even greater challenge confronts the Republican Party and the nation today than was the case in 1860. The issue in Lincoln's day was freedom for the slaves and the survival of the nation. But the issue today is, literally, freedom for all mankind—and the survival of civilization." Milwaukee, February 8, 1960.)

¶ There was Nixon's own commentary on the speech and his attitude toward it, again at variance with the evidence of the text. ". . . never have I found it more difficult to find the words," he told his audience.

There was, in short, Nixon.

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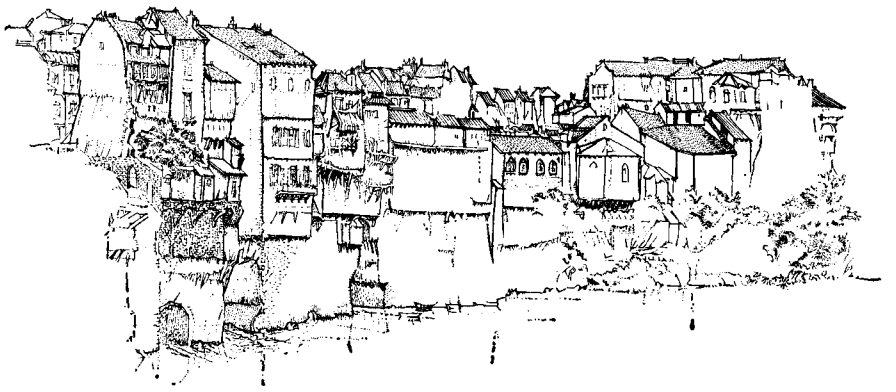

The Cornerstone of Europe

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"HERE is the ever-restless sea; here is the ever-changing sky; and here is the granite of Brittany—which never changes."

This fragment of noble prose was uttered by President Charles de Gaulle—who else could have said it?—during his recent tour of Brittany. The words were spoken on the Isle of Sein, a foam-flecked reef off the tip of the peninsula that is one of the shrines of the Gaullist faith; in June, 1940, 120 local sailors and fishermen, responding to de Gaulle's first radio appeal, put out from Sein in their frail craft for England.

AT HIS press conference on September 5, de Gaulle spoke mostly of the storms that are gathering in the international and particularly in the interallied areas. The long soliloquy was not one of de Gaulle's most effective performances; at moments it sounded like a debate between the archaic and the modern elements in his intensely personal philosophy of history, but to an objective listener it seemed to offer little justification for some of the harsh European comments that have been made upon it. The general's comments on the problem of achieving European unity were not only sober but on the whole constructive. If de Gaulle seemed to imply that disagreement with France's western partners was inevitable, ". . . there is no question of parting one from another," he said, "for never has the Atlantic Alliance been as profoundly needed." The warmth and vigor of his voice as he spoke these words contrasted with his somewhat mechanical delivery when he reiterated long-standing French complaints about the way NATO has been functioning.

The real heart of the tension developing between France and its allies—not to mention its African protégés—is the Algerian question, particularly the crucial issue of a cease-fire in Algeria. In his press conference the general was careful to avoid slamming the door on the possibility of a peaceful solution to the Algerian rebellion, and in several of his Brittany speeches he seemed to be hinting at French readiness to accept an informal truce in Algeria that might pave the way for resumption of the cease-fire talks with the F.L.N. Again and again, de Gaulle declared, there was only one condition that France insisted on before renewing talks with the Algerian nationalists: that they "leave their knife in the cloakroom."

During his tour of Brittany de Gaulle also went further than ever before toward meeting one of the essential Algerian demands: that Algerians have an adequate voice in determining the basis and the mechanism of the self-determination referendum he offered them last year. "France invites all factions without exception to come and discuss both the preparation of the referendum and afterwards the organization of Algeria," the general said at Rennes.

But in the kind of war, mainly based on terrorism, that is being fought in Algeria, a truce or cease-fire leaving in suspense such political problems as the policing of an eventual plebiscite would be advantageous to the French. At least the F.L.N. leaders think it would. Therefore they are now demanding international guaranties, preferably under U.N. auspices, both for the cease-fire arrangements and for the actual plebiscite. This demand de Gaulle totally rejects.

Bourguiba's Brinkmanship

One of his reasons for ruling out U.N. intervention in Algeria is the likelihood that accepting U.N. "interference" would produce a French military revolt in Algeria and the overthrow of his régime. A number of French liberals who formerly supported de Gaulle now say that his apparent failure to impose unquestioning discipline on the army is a serious reflection upon his leadership. On the other hand it seems something of a tribute to his leadership that less than two and a half years after the military and nationalist *coup d'état* that brought him to power in the name of *l'Algérie française*, he can publicly commit himself—as he did in his press conference—to a self-governing *Algérie algérienne*, linked to France by unspecified ties, without provoking anything worse than mild grumbling from the professional soldiers who during the last six years have been risking their lives in Algeria. In time he can undoubtedly lead the French Army and the European settlers in Algeria much further along the road of decolonization, as he has already led his countrymen along that same road in Black Africa.

The tragedy is that time appears to be running out faster than de Gaulle or anyone else expected. According to reliable reports from Tunisia, President Habib Bourguiba, the unnamed but unmistakable target of de Gaulle's sharpest thrusts during his press conference, now ac-

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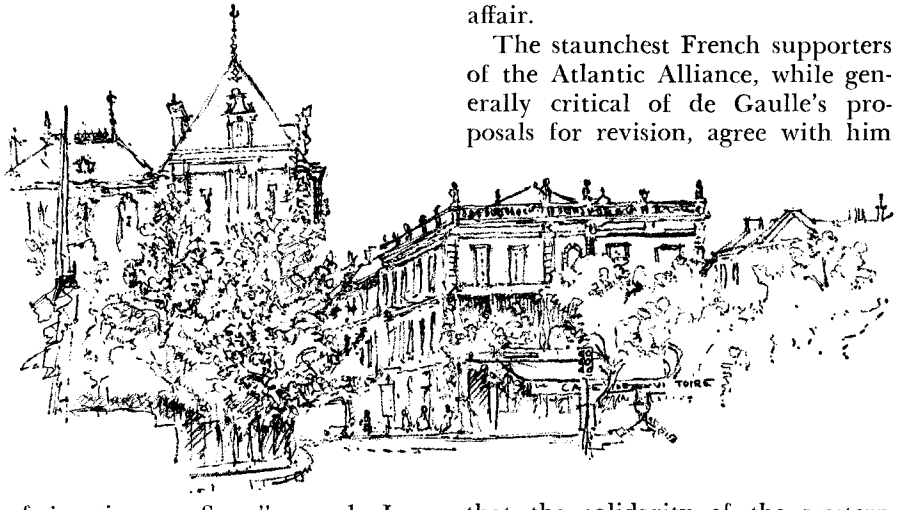
cepts the F.L.N. strategy of forcing internationalization of the Algerian conflict, if possible in the present session of the General Assembly. On the eve of de Gaulle's press conference, he was informed of a scheme recently hatched in Tunis for a nominal union, modeled on Nasser's United Arab Republic, between Tunisia and the "Algerian Republic." The new federation would demand accreditation by the U.N. and appeal to that body against French "occupation" of its Algerian province. This would internationalize the conflict with a vengeance.

Whether Bourguiba—who has displayed the same talent for pulling back on the verge of the irreparable that de Gaulle has sometimes manifested for yielding at the last second to the inevitable—really means to push ahead with this venture in North African brinkmanship is still a matter of doubt. The French fear, however, that he has committed himself to a joint policy with the F.L.N. aimed at maneuvering the Soviet Union and the United States into a common stand on Algeria.

"The ideal example of this type of situation was Suez," remarks Jean Daniel, the North African specialist of the weekly *L'Express,* in a dispatch from Tunis. "Algerians and Tunisians want to bring about a North African Suez."



It seems extraordinary that consultations between Paris and Washington—Washington is capable of bringing strong pressures to bear on Tunisia—have not headed off the international crisis over Algeria long before now, but evidently they have not. In the present rudderless state of American policy, the French are afraid that unless the western powers concert their U.N. strategy in advance of the Assembly debate on Algeria, the United States might in fact be sucked into a North African Suez that would see us publicly lined up with our Communist adversaries against France. Such a development could be the end of NATO and of all the American policies based upon the alliance.

De Gaulle favors a revision of the clauses in the North Atlantic Treaty that limit its scope to Europe, and the creation of a policy-coordinating triumvirate—and this probably is not feasible, if only because of the opposition of the smaller European powers. But finding some way of concerting policy in extra-European areas like Africa, where the big western powers have both influence and interests, should not be an insoluble problem to western ingenuity. On the basis of what de Gaulle suggests, Washington could well ask him to consider the acceptability of some informal *ad hoc* Franco-British-U.S. machinery to cope with the Algerian problem, hitherto considered a French internal affair.

The staunchest French supporters of the Atlantic Alliance, while generally critical of de Gaulle's proposals for revision, agree with him that the solidarity of the western powers, particularly in Africa, must be tightened. "The coming six months will be dangerous," Guy Mollet declared in a speech on September 11. "During the American elections it is essential that the Atlantic Pact be reinforced."

Former Ambassador to Bonn André François-Poncet, one of the leading conservative champions of western and European unity, struck a similar note in a recent *Figaro* article: "The revision of NATO is likely to run into insurmountable obstacles. In this case it is outside the organization, and perhaps toward the sort of special entente among powers with world-wide responsibilities which de Gaulle evoked, that we should try to turn."

De Gaulle has offered some highly specific proposals for achieving greater European unity. Despite the cool reception his press conference got on the Continent, his proposal, at a time when the United States seems incapable of exercising western leadership, of a political council of Europe equipped with a permanent secretariat that would be a less shadowy European parliament than the present debating club in Strasbourg, and above all his call for a popular referendum throughout Europe, were major acts of statesmanship. De Gaulle is a states-righter; but he wants to give a popular foundation to whatever measure of unity Europe may achieve.

Already many supporters of the European idea are beginning to temper their first hostile reaction to de Gaulle's new plan. The most interesting example was a speech delivered at the Anglo-American press club here the day after the presidential press conference by Lord Gladwyn (formerly Sir Gladwyn Jebb), the retiring British ambassador. Hinting at a wider measure of British agreement with de Gaulle's formula than anyone has hitherto suspected, Lord Gladwyn ended by expressing the revolutionary hope that "France accept additional economic risks in order to achieve European unity, and that Great Britain, on its side, accept certain political obligations."

Against the encouraging new horizons that these words—if they accurately reflect the trend of British official thinking—appear to open up for Europe, there is evidence of an increasing reluctance on the part of European leaders, on the Continent as well as in Britain, to accept French leadership in the co-ordination of European policy, lest it appear to constitute an endorsement of France's policy in North Africa or threaten to involve Europe in the Algerian imbroglio. Thus if the crisis that seems to be gathering over North African efforts to interna-

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tionalize the Algerian conflict takes definite shape, it will be not only a new crisis in the United Nations but a crisis in NATO, and a crisis in the progress of Europe toward unity.

IT WILL ALSO be a crisis in the French Community. De Gaulle has recently been given grim warning to this effect by the leaders of Senegal, among the most "loyalist," from the French viewpoint, in Africa. In the end it may even develop into something of a political crisis in France, where the interminable war in Algeria is tending to polarize extreme attitudes.

A semi-clandestine conference of French rightist leaders, both military and civilian, was held under the chairmanship of General Jacques Massu at a château near Paris a few days after de Gaulle's press conference. But the Right is not believed to be currently preparing any move against de Gaulle unless he offers concessions in Algeria that they consider dangerous. It is hopefully awaiting the time when de Gaulle will be so discredited by the failure of his Algerian policy that he will be forced to resign. The Right would then step in and attempt to establish an authoritarian ultranationalist and perhaps racist republic. "If de Gaulle should one day be vanquished," the liberal Catholic writer François Mauriac states in *L'Express*, "you know very well that it will be by his eternal enemies, who are the same in 1960 as they were in 1940 and in 1944. Those elements in the army serving Algeria that oppose him are deeply imbued with the Pétainist spirit."

NEITHER the internal nor the external pressures exerted upon him appear to worry de Gaulle. He is perhaps the prisoner of his own greatness. The breakers roar, the heavens rumble; the granite is unmoved as well as unchanged. What would happen to it if the storm ever breaks in all its fury nobody today can tell. The results certainly would be tragic for France, for Europe, and for the alliance. This is the kind of crisis the American administration should be tirelessly trying to prevent. But if it has been making any such efforts, no trace of them is to be found.

Remember Quemoy?

DENIS WARNER

QUEMOY

TWO YEARS have passed since the latest Quemoy crisis. Among observers on the spot there was no unanimity about what lay behind the Communists' bombardment—whether Peking actually sought to blockade and to capture the islands or was merely undertaking a limited but multipurpose politico-military offensive designed primarily to create international tension in the interests of internal unity. The weight of the bombardment—475,000 rounds in forty-four days from August 23 to October 5—suggested the former; but its nature, the negligible damage it caused, and the restraint of the Communists' sea and air forces indicated the latter.

Belatedly, Peking explained that the shelling was intended only to demonstrate to the Nationalists their folly in aligning themselves with the wicked Americans, and that, far from trying to take Quemoy, it wanted to see the island and its links with Formosa strengthened so that eventually both would be acquired in a one-package deal. The odd-day harassing fire that superseded the major bombardment did not seek to impede the reconstruction of Quemoy's defenses, Peking said, but merely to remind the garrison of the discomforts associated with Taipei's alliance with the United States. Presumably this was also the justification for the unprecedented 170,000-round odd-day bombardment during the Eisenhower visit to Taipei in June of this year.

The Nationalists, on the other hand, claimed a major defeat for the Communists. They argued that the annihilation of the amphibious landing on October 24, 1949, when more than fifteen thousand Communist troops were killed or captured, and the failure of the 1958 artillery bombardment either to knock out Quemoy or to starve it into submission justified all plans to defend the island. Quemoy could now be taken only by an offensive of such force that the security of Formosa itself would automatically be involved and the Mutual Defense Treaty invoked.

The Island's Defenses

Despite doubts such as those expressed by the then Under Secretary of State Herter at Atlantic City on September 29, 1958, when he observed that the offshore islands were not "strategically defensible in the defense of Formosa," the Nationalists' tactical and strategical interpretation of Quemoy's significance has prevailed. There has been no reduction of manpower to compensate for increased firepower. On the contrary, Chiang still has approximately eighty thousand troops, a third of his effective forces, tied up on Quemoy, and the island group, despite some obvious and perhaps even deliberate defensive shortcomings, has never been more formidable.

This is my third visit. I was here

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when the Tachens were evacuated in 1955 and again at the end of the main Communist bombardment in 1958. Two years ago the defenses were unimpressive. That the Communists' guns had inflicted so little damage seemed to be attributable primarily to their use of antipersonnel shells rather than to the strength of the Nationalists' defensive positions. Today sandbags have been reinforced by concrete: the garrison has gone underground. Tunnels big enough to take army trucks go right through Mount Taiwu, which rises to a height of 850 feet in the eastern wing of the butterfly-shaped island. Exposed main lines of communication linking the Mount Taiwu command posts with outlying defensive positions and the supply beaches on the east coast are duplicated by roads that run below ground level.

Telescopes of great power bring the Communists' gun positions on the mainland under direct observation, and the Nationalists' batteries of eight-inch guns and 155-millimeter rifles have the capacity to hit back hard. The beaches are heavily mined, and the low-lying land stretching from the island's waist—it is only 2.5 miles wide at the narrowest point—is well covered by artillery positions in the Mount Taiwu region and by tanks and infantry.

The supply position is understandably a military secret, but there are extensive underground dumps, and the Nationalist generals hint that even if supplies from Formosa are interrupted they have enough on hand to withstand a siege of several months. This does not seem improbable, since the Communists have not troubled to interrupt the Nationalists' supply shipments.

Another military secret is the percentage of Formosan troops in the garrison. Despite the heavy injection of Formosan recruits in recent years, the Nationalist Army is still seventy per cent mainlander and only thirty per cent Formosan. The mainlanders, however, include a heavy percentage of over-age men who if dispensed with would add substantially to the ranks of the unemployed. Here on Quemoy, military deadwood is conspicuously absent. The rank and file of the infantry are largely Formosan, officered in the most junior ranks by Formosan university students doing their stint of military duty. In the specialized services, both troops and officers are almost all mainlanders. The result has been a happy combination. The troops are well dressed, well cared for, well equipped, and by any standards impressive. The fortifications have a barrack-room spick-and-spanness, and both troops and civilians have learned how to live under Communist shellfire.

The June bombardment caused only twenty casualties. It also provided enough scrap metal to furnish a new recreation building and to build a new school. And though it precipitated the permanent transfer of the military hospital, which sustained two hundred direct hits and three thousand near misses, to safer underground quarters, it is obvious that Quemoy is well equipped to handle all the casualties it may expect from the sort of attack it has so far been subjected to. Sixty-one doctors, thirty-seven nurses, and sixty medical orderlies can cope with twelve hundred wounded at any one time. "We can do anything here that Formosa can do," the hospital superintendent said as he conducted me through his operating theater, a statement I saw no reason to doubt.

STRIKING as it is, the purely military improvement so noticeable on the island is no more remarkable than the change for the better in the island's physical appearance and the lot of the forty-five thousand civilians. In one year the Nationalists flew in nearly four million acacia, casuarina, and pine seedlings to line the roads and the fields of millet and sweet potatoes. The result is highly gratifying. If Quemoy is scarcely one of the most beautiful islands in the Pacific, a claim advanced for it by one island-proud Nationalist colonel, it is undoubtedly beginning to look much more attractive than the dusty, wind-swept, and impoverished island I saw for the first time nearly six years ago.

Though little rice can be grown on this barren soil, and nearly two thousand tons have to be imported each year, the island has become more than self-sufficient in sweet potatoes and other vegetables. These are exported to Formosa along with a particularly potent spirit distilled from millet. Another major export is scrap metal, a reliable crop that the Communists sow every other day.

Before the Nationalists fled from the mainland, Quemoy used to be dependent largely on remittances from its sons and daughters who had migrated to Southeast Asia from the then disease-ridden little island. Today, though remittances from the estimated fifty thousand Quemoyans who live in Singapore, Malaya, and other parts of Southeast Asia have fallen away to a trickle, the island has never been so prosperous. The peasant, with new crop strains and chemical fertilizers, is as well off as his kinsman in Formosa—and that is well off by Asian standards. Village shopkeepers do brisk business; and the plague, which cursed Quemoy for centuries, has been eliminated.

The Nationalists are only mildly provocative to the mainlanders. Quemoy's big guns command the entrance to Amoy harbor and could easily deny the port to the British and other merchantmen. But just as the Communists refrain from preventing the reinforcement of Quemoy, the Nationalists are content to watch the Communist-bound shipping come and go. Both sides use loudspeakers to blare music and propaganda at each other. Multicolored balloons carrying propaganda and pictures of Mao and Chiang float east and west on the wind; rubber floats serve a similar purpose on the tides; and every now and then the big guns on both sides blast off with nothing more menacing than shells stuffed with leaflets. In general, the Nationalists' propaganda tells of the virtues of living in the freedom of Formosa, while the Communists, sticking to their more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger line, argue that all will be well once the American "imperialists" have been driven from the western Pacific.

Will There Be an Attack?

The Chinese generals charged with the defense of the Quemoy complex of islands expect that something more violent is brewing opposite them on the Fukien coast. This is the campaigning season in the United States and Japan, and the signs are that Peking is ready to take

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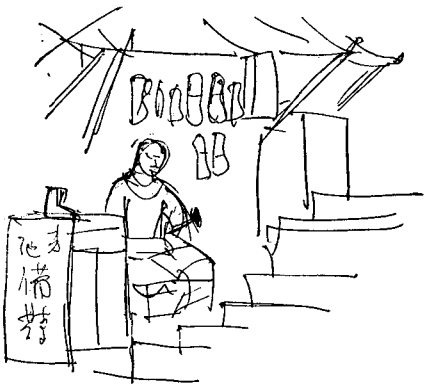
advantage of it. Between 1955 and 1959 it built forty-four jet airfields within a range of 850 miles of Formosa. This number has now been increased to fifty-three. All of the fields, according to Nationalist intelligence, have the ground crews and stocks of fuel, bombs, and ammunition necessary to bring about their activation at a moment's notice. Prior to the 1958 bombardment, of the approximately one million Communist troops within the triangular section bounded by the Yangtze to the north, the Canton-Hankow railroad to the west, and the coast to the east, about 320,000 were in the striking area, opposite Matsu and Quemoy. Of these, more than two-thirds were concentrated in the Quemoy sector. Today the figure of one million has not changed, but 400,000 troops are in the striking area, with nearly 300,000 concentrated close to Quemoy. Communist gun positions have also been increased and strengthened. From approximately 400 artillery pieces in 1955, the number covering Quemoy has been increased to between 700 and 750, including a higher proportion of eight-inch pieces and long-barreled, powerful 130-millimeter rifles.

There is no discernible naval buildup: but again the Nationalists, with vivid recollections of how they lost Hainan Island in 1950, point out that there are at least four thousand junks, many of which are motorized, in coves, harbors, and inlets that could be used to carry large numbers of lightly armed forces intended for heavy blows of short duration. At the same time, they believe Quemoy to be invulnerable against artillery and secure against any but a major amphibious attack.

In what way, then, is a Communist attack likely to be launched? General Li, the deputy commander of the Quemoy garrison, believes that one possibility is an attack on one of the smaller islands of the Quemoy group, which includes Little Quemoy and the tiny islands of Tatan and Erhtan, both of which are several miles from Quemoy and difficult to maintain even during inactive periods. By a classic and overwhelming air and amphibious assault on the minute island of Yikiangshan on January 21, 1955, the Communists precipitated the evacuation of the



Tachens. They might be tempted to repeat those tactics here.

Yet the possibility of the large-scale use of the Communist air potential does not seem to have entered into the Nationalists' considerations. The bunkers, blockhouses, and shelters on Quemoy are sufficient against land-based artillery, but they could be readily destroyed by the use of Communist air power. And though the record against the Communist fighters (with and without the aid of the Sidewinder plane-to-plane missile) is extremely good, the Nationalists are now outnumbered in jets by about five to one.

Inevitably, the Nationalist force would be shot out of the skies. Even if it were not, in the Nationalists' view the introduction of this new air factor would automatically bring the United States into the conflict. If their interpretation of the defense treaty is correct, this might save not only Quemoy and Little Quemoy but Tatan, Erhtan, and even Tungting, an isolated rock seventeen miles south. But its impact on the American position in the western Pacific could be shattering.

IMAGINE such a situation at the height of the U. S. and Japanese election campaigns! Peking would clearly seek to identify American intervention, even the sort of strictly limited intervention that occurred in 1958 when U.S. Marines moved heavy guns into Quemoy at the height of the bombardment and the Seventh Fleet escorted Nationalist supply trains across the Strait of Formosa, with the bases in Japan from which U.S. support was provided. This might not swing the Japanese election in favor of the Socialist Party, but it could, and predictably would, be another damaging blow at the U.S.-Japanese defense treaty.

The Nationalists cite many arguments on why Quemoy should be held. Some are merely specious; others clearly have merit. Among the latter are that Quemoy ties down a million Communist forces that might otherwise be used to exert pressures on sensitive Southeast Asian perimeters, and that a policy of retreating to eradicate a point of tension will merely invite the creation of further tension points. The compelling reason behind Chiang's dogged determination not to budge an inch from the offshore islands, however, is the preservation of the dogma that the Republic of China is still a contender for the allegiance of all the 680 million Chinese. The offshore islands, with fortress Quemoy at their center, are all that stand in the way of the *de facto* creation of "two Chinas."

TO CHIANG, then, the strength he has created on Quemoy is essential not for the defense of Formosa but for the defense of his political creed. To Mao, who is no more willing than Chiang to see any further steps toward "two Chinas," any embarrassment caused by the minor provocations of the Nationalists on Quemoy is more than compensated for by the unique opportunities the island affords in the pursuit of his major objective to drive the United States out of the western Pacific. In the furtherance of this campaign, Japan, not Formosa, is the immediate target. In this context a Quemoy ever growing stronger provides an almost unlimited field for exploitation.

In the event of a determined Communist offensive, the United States would be confronted with two almost equally unpalatable alternatives: to let the island and its forces go, with all the consequences this would precipitate, or to use nuclear weapons in Quemoy's defense. It would be much more characteristic of Mao and his "thoughts," however, if the Communists refrained from a frontal assault and contented themselves with periodic and limited military endeavors designed to win maximum political victories. If by merely pressing the button here they can ring the alarm bells in Tokyo, their purpose is well served.

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LENA and the 45 Gangs

NAOMI BARKO

On the lower East Side of New York, some teen-age gang leaders save their headlines as actors do their notices.

"That summer of '56," reminisced one veteran gang member recently, "we was on the front pages almost every day for a week. I still have the clippings."

On August 8, 1956, a rumble between the lower East Side's Sportsmen-Enchanters and Dragons threatened to set off a city-wide gang war. Five days later, a truce that won national attention was arranged by community leaders. Since then the headlines have steadily decreased.

"Maybe the kids still fight," said the veteran. "But they ain't big fights any more—just disagreements. There was a time when, if you was out of your turf, anything could happen. But now, very few persons have turfs any more."

There have been no gang conflicts on the lower East Side this summer, and much of the reason can be found in a name that usually appears in the newspapers alongside those of the Sportsmen, the Dragons, the Centurions, the Forsyth Boys. It is LENA, the initials of the Lower Eastside Neighborhoods Association, the organization that was responsible for the truce of 1956.

LENA is a community council, composed of more than ninety settlement houses, social agencies, churches, synagogues, PTAs, banks, labor unions, and civic associations, working in close co-operation with local units of the New York City departments of parks, police, and welfare, the Youth Board, the courts, and the board of education. It also has more than a thousand individual members, many of whom are organized in five local LENA neighborhood councils.

Like many such organizations in low-income city areas, LENA was established in an attempt to halt the growth of slums and to cope with the rapid social changes brought about in old neighborhoods by new immigration and vast new housing projects.

The Lower East Side has hardly been a stranger to change. The old waves of immigrants that came in until the 1920's left it with a population of forty-six different nationalities. But by the end of the Second World War, which brought the latest newcomers, Southern Negroes and Puerto Ricans, a whole generation had passed. Old Jewish, Italian, and other communities were confronted not only with new sets of accents and skin colors but also with slum clearance, which threatened to "clear" many low-income families right out of the neighborhood and to turn many historic streets into brick-faced barracks. Youth gangs on the lower East Side go back at least a hundred years—to the Forty Thieves of Mott Street (who still exist) and the Five Point Boys, who led the Draft Riots of July, 1863. But never have they found more nourishing soil than in the conflicts between "old" and "new" East Siders.

From its beginning, in January, 1955, LENA has struggled with all of these problems and more. The names of its five divisions—Health, Housing, Education, Youth, and Community Arts—indicate the breadth of its activities. From the start, however, its most successful efforts have been with youth.

The Vicar in His Parish

Since the truce of 1956, which is still unbroken, there has been only one outbreak of violence among the forty-five gangs on the lower East Side. Hundreds, say neighborhood youth workers, have been prevented. What happened the last time the community burst into the headlines tells much of the story.

The news broke just before last Christmas. LENA, said the papers, was warning of a major gang rumble. The signs had been noted since early November. A Sunday night dance at St. Augustine's Chapel, where Sportsmen and Dragons often meet, had erupted into a chair-throwing fight. On First Street, a borderline of the Forsyth Boys' old turf, gunshots had been heard. A Sportsman who had been wounded in a murderous attack by the Forsyth Boys the previous August had received a note: "You got off easy. Like to see you dead." Just before Christmas, LENA's Youth Services Committee asked for and got extra Youth Board workers and a special squad of seventy-five patrolmen. There were no more headlines.

"In such a situation," says Father C. Kilmer Myers, formerly vicar of the Lower East Side Mission of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Parish and co-chairman of LENA's Youth Division, "we can mobilize two hundred volunteers—people from the agencies, the churches, and the neighborhood. We must call the police for protection, and we must show the kids that we're on the side of law and order. But our people really know these boys and can get straight to them. The first thing is to let them know *we* know there's something cooking—and that we've called the police. That stops them long enough for us to sift out the trouble and isolate the hotheads.

"Next we do everything to keep them off the streets. Normally, some of the agencies would have closed at Christmas. Instead we stayed open and had parties, among us, every night in the week. P.S. 188, down in Sportsmen territory, even kept its playground open."

This high degree of community organization is typical of LENA's Youth Division. From the moment the first signs of trouble are sighted to the time that the "cool" is worked out, every worker connected with the situation is informed and involved. This is because, since the 1956 truce, everyone on the lower East Side who works professionally with youth has become a member of one of three LENA "area teams."

The teams are based geographically in accordance with the city's 5th, 7th, and 9th police precincts. Team members include not only settlement youth workers but also clergymen, housing-project managers, playground supervisors, attendance officers, Youth Board workers, the precinct youth patrolmen, and one of LENA's three full-time professional staff members. Co-operating with them in many instances are

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neighborhood doctors, lawyers, and sometimes the proprietor of a garage or candy store where gang members tend to hang out.

Father Myers, who at forty-four has become something of a legend for his own work with gangs, is a founder of LENA, along with Helen Hall, the well-known director of the Henry Street Settlement; New York Supreme Court Justice Jacob Markowitz; William J. Calise, a neighborhood lawyer; and Dr. Simon Slavin, who has recently retired as director of the Educational Alliance settlement.

Since the fall day in 1954 when Miss Hall first called the small group together in her offices at Henry Street, the movement back and forth between the different agencies has been constant. "It takes many, many people to do a job like this," says Father Myers, "but if there's one thing we've learned it's that there must be close contact—if possible, a one-to-one relationship between the adult and the boy. Some of these kids have been pretty much estranged, you know. They need an atmosphere of acceptance. There must also be a place of hospitality, a place where they are not only wanted but sought after, given a sense of responsibility."

In this personal work with gang members, the LENA teams serve as an invaluable clearinghouse of information and ideas. Their members have been helped to gain new insights which have enabled LENA's Youth Division to develop whole new services, many of them too ambitious for any one agency.

ONE SUCH PROGRAM was LENA's Project 120, precipitated in 1958 by the announcement of the New York City Board of Education that it would expel from the public schools all children who presented insoluble behavior problems. LENA immediately called an emergency meeting, at which a main speaker was Mrs. Florence Becker, assistant superintendent of schools on the lower East Side and active on LENA's board.

Even more upsetting than the fifty-four children in the community who would be affected by the ruling, said Mrs. Becker, was the existence of another four hundred who were apt to follow in their footsteps.

LENA called a new meeting of all the big casework agencies in the city as well as representatives of all area teams, all youth-serving agencies, and all mental-health clinics on the lower East Side. As a result of their discussions, four of these agencies plus two neighborhood clinics agreed to take responsibility for the 120 most urgent cases. Catholic Charities, the most active in the program, ended by establishing a special lower East Side office with eight caseworkers, five of whom speak Spanish.

At the end of one year, says Mrs. Isabel Dombrow, the community's school guidance officer, about sixty

per cent of the cases were in treatment. None of these children, to her knowledge, has been suspended from school.

Making Contact

A still more difficult problem attacked by LENA has been narcotics addiction. In the 7th precinct alone, the area team recently found that half of all juvenile arrests had some connection with narcotics. Through its Health Division, LENA has opened a Narcotics Information Center for both teen-agers and adults. Operating from a store front on Henry Street donated by the Sea and Land Presbyterian Church, the center is run by two young ministers with the help of settlement workers and volunteer neighborhood doctors and social workers. An impressive program, just getting under way, will include medically supervised detoxification of addicts, group meetings for parents or relatives living with addicts, and a widespread educational campaign.

Another LENA innovation is Contact, the unusual employment service which is itself a major arm of the Youth Division. Now in its fourth year, Contact is particularly designed to deal with teen-agers from underprivileged families, and with those who have been in trouble with the law. Its main purpose is to explore its young clients' hopes and capabilities, to teach them how to look for a job, and to serve as a reassuring link between job seekers and sources of employment. Contact steers its youth away from the dead-end occupations, which, it feels, often only prepare the way for renewed delinquency. More than once, it has steered a job seeker right back to school.

Among the imaginative programs developed by the Youth Division was its Puerto Rican Parents Guidance Project. According to a LENA survey, about twenty per cent of the lower East Side population is now Puerto Rican, with a heavy concentration among school-age children. At meetings of the Youth Services Committee with a caseworker from the Court of Special Sessions, it was discovered that many of the Puerto Rican teen-agers who were arrested seemed to have special problems arising from their families' difficulties in adjusting to a new culture.

The committee decided to experiment with a series of group sessions for Puerto Rican parents, to be conducted by a Spanish-speaking psychiatric social worker. With the help of the court's psychiatric clinic, it chose a small group of parents who had both older children on probation and younger ones who might still be prevented from getting into trouble. All were difficult cases with which the court clinic had had little success.

"Most of them were rural people," said the special worker, herself a Puerto Rican. "They had very little education. They were frightened and confused by the city.

"We had several sessions on prejudice. At the beginning, most of these people felt like . . . nothing! They would attack themselves for being too loud, for not knowing how to speak properly. But after a while they began to understand that there were many factors involved. We talked about the economic circum-

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stances. We talked about all the other immigrant groups who had gone through this too. They finally began to feel that they weren't really so inferior.

"This isn't Spanish Harlem, you know. There aren't that many Puerto Ricans. There isn't that same sense of community support. I think that the fact that these people were able to come together, to air their grievances, to confide in each other, helped them all to look at things a bit more objectively. And I think they may be able to pass it on to their children."

Contact or other projects of the Youth Services Committee must necessarily be organized and staffed by professional workers. But from the beginning of LENA, Father Myers has said, "We don't want the Youth Division to become simply a group of professionals organizing and manipulating the kids. We want to involve the people in the neighborhood."

THE Youth Division's Recreation Committee is composed mainly of volunteer members of the neighborhood councils, many of them themselves parents of teen-agers.

"I got into all this," explains Harry Liebowitz, chairman of the Two Bridges Council sports committee, "when my daughter got shaken down on the street by one of those kids."

Mr. Liebowitz, a slight man with a robust personality, runs a small jewelry business. "I grew up in this neighborhood," he says. "This gang business is nothing new to me. I remember the old days. On Eldridge and Rivington, there was a crap game—wide open—on the corner every night. Then the kids used to fight for money. Now they fight for nothing—'status' they call it.

"The way I see it, if we keep them busy playing ball, they can't fight. You give a kid a uniform, a trophy, he doesn't feel like a *schlepper*. Every kid who plays on our teams gets some kind of trophy. We've got five different sizes."

Mr. Liebowitz's committee of fifteen fathers—Italian, Jewish, Irish, Puerto Rican, and Negro—is responsible for a year-round program of sports that involves forty-one baseball, softball, and basketball teams. Each summer, the Two Bridges Council, with the professional aid of Hamilton-Madison House, a neighborhood settlement, also runs outdoor dances every Friday night and a unique open-air Teen Canteen, with sports as well as dancing for 250 teen-agers three nights a week. Responsibility for the Friday-night dances is shared with Two Bridges' own Youth Council, whose average membership age is sixteen.

The total activity of the LENA Recreation Committee adds up to forty-six basketball teams, seventy-five softball and baseball teams, volleyball and swimming lessons for hundreds of youngsters, yearly community-wide tournaments for each sport, annual track and field events, one series of winter "matinee" dances, and four series of summer outdoor dances. Many of the games and dances are held on fields that the

Park Department has improved at the behest of committee members, and sometimes with their physical help.

"Before we got started down here," said Mr. Liebowitz, "each separate racial group used to play by themselves at each different church and agency. We got them all to play together.

"Does it make a difference? There used to be a gang on Monroe Street. . . . They had a slogan: 'Make this a Catholic street. No niggers, no spics allowed. Protect womanhood.' Well, there's no gang on that street any more. You can feel the difference—not just among the kids but the parents."

But he is far from complacent. "We're only beginning to scratch the surface," he says. "This is such a big job. Everybody's got to pitch in and do something. What you need is total community participation."

Some of Mr. Liebowitz's impatience with even the substantial progress achieved is reflected in LENA's creation of a still more ambitious delinquency-prevention program, Mobilization for Youth.

Mobilization, which was initiated by LENA leaders, is a six-year, $1.5-million-a-year, action-research program, which will saturate half the lower East Side with every known delinquency-prevention technique. Underwritten by the National Institute of Mental Health, it will recruit top youth workers and researchers from across the country in the biggest such effort ever attempted. Its administrator is James E. McCarthy, former deputy executive director of the New York City Youth Board, who was responsible for developing the board's famous street-club program, and its research will be directed by the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University. LENA, whose chief agencies and officers compose most of Mobilization's board of trustees, will be responsible for its community organization activities. Mobilization Administrator McCarthy has been an admirer of LENA since 1956, when he was the ranking Youth Board representative at the grueling sessions that led to the gang truce.

At Least It's a Beginning

Many judges, probation officers, and school and Youth Board officials who have worked with LENA have praised its efforts. The most recent statistics on delinquency among lower East Side youth show encouraging results. Last year, the delinquency rate for Manhattan dropped 2.5 per cent, while the lower East Side's went down an average of 7.7 per cent. In the eleven districts into which Youth Board statisticians divide the area, ten show a decrease in delinquency. The highest rates of decrease—11.2 per cent, 13.4 per cent, and 11.9 per cent—are in the old Forsyth Boys, Sportsmen, and Dragon territories respectively. Everyone at LENA knows that any gains are precarious and can be maintained only through constant effort. No one pretends to have found a cure-all for juvenile delinquency. But at least it's a beginning.

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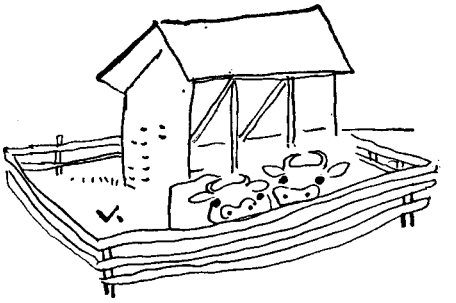
For Subsidies That Make Sense

LONGSTRETH WRIGHT



THE ECONOMIC and technological changes taking place in the United States for the past half century have been calling for vast shifts of manpower. Broadly speaking, the shifts have been away from agricultural and extractive industries and into increasingly complex manufacturing industries and new service industries. In agriculture, as everybody knows, the traditional small farm unit can in most cases no longer compete with the large commercial enterprise using more and more capital and less and less manpower. In mining, many of the older areas have been depleted and there have been major technological changes.

Near urban centers with diversified economies, the shifts of manpower called for by such changes as these have been taking place on a large scale and without excessive hardship. In sparsely settled agricultural and mining areas, on the other hand, and also in separated one-industry towns, mobility has been much more restricted, and the basic changes in our economy have been causing or threatening severe hardship to many individual families and communities.

Over the past thirty or forty years the Federal government has intervened in this problem in various ways—and generally made it considerably worse. The problem areas have had enough political weight to obtain or prolong governmental assistance, but for the most part neither they nor their elected representatives nor successive administrations in Washington have perceived the essential nature of the problem. Consequently the solutions adopted have been wrong ones.

WHENEVER marginal producers in areas of low mobility have been faced with economic hardship, the public assistance extended to them has generally been in the form of protective measures—high tariffs, price supports, production subsidies, deficiency payments, and import quotas—which have enabled domestic producers to obtain substantially more than world market prices for their output. Thus instead of helping the marginal producers to shift to new fields of activity where they could attain greater efficiency or higher productivity, to the ultimate advantage of the country and themselves, the government has actually encouraged them to stay where they were.

This backward-looking kind of public assistance has been given in various forms to the producers of wheat, cotton, sugar, wool, dairy products, and now of petroleum,

lead, zinc, and some other minerals. There is pressure to extend it to the cotton-textile industry and perhaps to others. The result is to place a serious handicap on our economy in a period when important foreign countries are making great exertions to achieve economic expansion and higher productivity. In the aggregate, the value of primary production in lines where domestic prices are held substantially above world prices now amounts to between $15 and $20 billion a year.

These governmental measures contribute to inflationary forces and place handicaps on our export trade in several different ways. Most directly, they maintain needlessly high prices for products that account for a considerable part of the cost of living and of our industrial cost structure; they add several billion dollars a year to Federal government expenditures; and of course they retard the transfer of manpower and other resources to activities in which our country should have a competitive advantage. At the same time, the protectionist nature of government assistance to marginal producers tends generally in the short run to transfer their economic hardships to producers abroad, including those in underdeveloped countries. This results in resentment and ill will, and impairs our ability to exercise international leadership in trade policy and in other matters as well. In the longer run it reduces the ability of other countries to purchase our exports and creates a need for additional foreign aid.

In half of the problem situations, ironically enough, a portion of U.S. production, in some cases a large portion, is so efficient that even in a free market it could undersell the rest of the world. This reflects an obvious absurdity of policy, and yet actually it does less harm in the long run to give unnecessary windfalls to highly efficient producers than it does to give the same amount to inefficient producers, if the effect is to keep them from shifting to new activities in which they could do better on their own.

In agriculture, it is true that the huge surpluses piled up by our price-support programs are being drawn upon for constructive uses. Our Public Law 480 operations make a valuable contribution to economic development in underdeveloped countries, and if carried out with proper care they do not injure other countries. But those operations cannot satisfy more than a

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small part of the assistance needs of underdeveloped countries, and if we did not happen to have the surpluses on hand we could provide greater development assistance with less than an equivalent amount in dollars. What is more to the point here, surplus disposal can never solve our domestic agricultural prob-

lems. Indeed, it has a dangerous tendency to delay our coming to grips with them.

Fix the Roof Before It Rains

Plainly it is not enough to argue conventional free-trade, free-market economics. What we face is not simply an economic problem but a social and human problem of very large proportions—not to speak of a political problem.

Since we are already committed to programs of government aid on a large scale, the question we need to ask now is, what kind of aid should it be? To economists the general answer is easy: the government should work toward overcoming the natural immobility of manpower and other economic resources, and thus toward making our economy as productive and competitive as it can be.

The question of precisely how this can be done is, as usual, more difficult, in this case because of the social and political elements that have to be dealt with. Yet even here much progress has been made in recent years. In the field of import tariff policy, an alternative to tariff increases for domestic industries injured or threatened by imports has been urged in the form of Trade Adjustment Assistance, i.e., technical and financial assistance and vocational training to help business enterprises, communities, and workers to adjust themselves to foreign competition. In areas of substantial and persistent unemployment, various proposals that have been made for Depressed Area Assistance or Area Redevelopment Assistance would provide incentives and aids for the undertaking of new economic activities or employment. For the considerably broader problem of submarginal agriculture, there is the existing Conservation Reserve Program, under which farmers are paid to withdraw uneconomic acreage from production and conserve it for the future, and the admirable but minute Rural Development Program, under which an attempt is made to promote or stimulate economic diversification and social and educational development in rural areas. Interesting programs have been adopted in Europe for assisting long-established industries to adapt or accommodate themselves to changed conditions of technology and competition.

It would be quite possible, taking measures of these various kinds and supplementing or enlarging them, to formulate a comprehensive program of mobility assistance. Such a program might even, after a period of public discussion, be made politically feasible, i.e., acceptable to majorities in Congress as an alternative to our existing protectve measures.

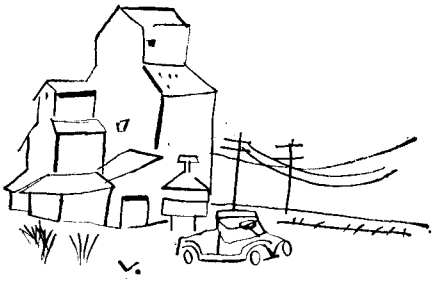
THE AIM of such a program should be to make it a practical possibility for noncompetitive and nonmobile workers and managements to adapt themselves to technological and other changes or to seek alternative fields or lines of activity. Obviously there should be no encroachment on individual freedom of choice. It should be left to private initiative to decide whether or not to adapt or shift, and what, if any, alternative fields or lines of activity to try to shift to. And the government should see to it that economic information of various kinds was made available.

But it is money that talks, and an effective program would have to provide money rather than mere exhortation. There should, to be sure, be a net saving in direct governmental outlays, but what we need is a politically feasible alternative to the various types of price-support and subsidy measures now in effect, which entail several billions in Federal expenditures as well as many billions in indirect costs to the national economy.

As for getting rid of the more extravagant of our present protective measures, it is obviously out of the question to think of doing that all at once, though it is high time to face the necessity of doing it ultimately. The practical hope is to reduce them gradually over a period of years in conjunction with the presentation of a politically acceptable alternative. Actually some offsetting political appeal could be found even in the phasing out of those measures. Under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the United States could obtain important trade concessions from other countries. For example, it might become possible to reverse the current tendency, in the European Common Market and elsewhere, to regard agriculture as a field where protectionism is inevitable and perhaps even justified—a tendency for which we are partly to blame. Such a reversal would expand the market for some of our important exports, including corn, wheat, and tobacco. Again, European countries might be persuaded to absorb a larger share of low-cost exports from Japan, thus taking some of the pressure off our textile and clothing industries.

Who Should Get What?

Without going into details about the nature of the legislation that would be needed, it may be useful to sketch out roughly the essential features of a program of mobility assistance. It could either supplement



or embrace Trade Adjustment Assistance and Area Redevelopment Assistance. In itself it would be applicable primarily in those situations where existing governmental protective measures result in domestic

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market prices substantially above world prices. The assistance would be made available by the Federal government, in part directly and in part through state and local agencies, and would consist of several elements.

For individuals there would be, primarily, financial assistance to make retraining and re-employment possible. For business enterprises, incentives would be offered for exploring possibilities for adaptation; they might take the form of cash contributions toward payments made to others for market research, cost-accounting analysis, technical services, and the like. There might be a special tax incentive for new capital investment; and as a means of facilitating the liquidation of uneconomic activities there might well be a limited termination grant in connection with the sale or abandonment of property. In all this, needless to say, there would have to be suitable safeguards against abuses and useless windfalls. And for communities there would be contributions toward the cost of new surveys of resources, markets, or industrial or employment opportunities, as well as contributions toward the cost of new programs of public vocational training, adult education, or health and welfare.

Nearly all economists would agree that a program of mobility aid would make an important contribution to raising our national productivity. The more critical ones, however, would be likely to point out that even such a program could not succeed if our economy was not already expanding at a satisfactory rate. Productive job opportunities would have to be available both for new workers coming out of school and also for older workers who wanted to make a shift.

In other words, a mobility assistance program can be fully effective only in an economic environment where the gross national product is expanding at a satisfactory rate. Such an environment is not in itself enough to cure the economic arthritis from which we now suffer, especially considering our advanced state of addiction to remedies that make it worse. But such an environment is necessary if the right treatment is to effect a cure.

Our Creeping Unemployment

SAR A. LEVITAN

While the public's attention has been frequently directed in the postwar period to the dangers of creeping inflation, much less consideration has been devoted to an equally insidious development, that of creeping unemployment. The fact is that during "the Fabulous Fifties" there was a slow but steady rise in the level of unemployment. The climb was relatively slow, but its cumulative impact has been significant.

The United States has gone through three recessions during the postwar period. In 1953, after the recovery from the first recession (1948-1949), unemployment declined to three per cent of the total labor force, which is generally admitted to be the irreducible level for the United States. This low level of unemployment was not just the result of the Korean War but also of a sustained expansion on the part of industry and an expanding consumer demand. Following the second recession (1953-1954), unemployment declined to four per cent. During the recovery from the third postwar recession (1957-1958), unemployment has remained, up to now, at a five per cent level. It should be remembered that each percentage-point rise means an increase of some 700,000 unemployed persons. When the political conventions met this summer, the latest available data showed that the number of unemployed had risen to 4.4 million, or 5.5 per cent of the labor force, on a seasonally adjusted basis.

Economists have been slow in grasping and appraising the impact of this trend. Absorbed in the problem of full employment and inflation and busy creating myths about the middle-class suburbanite American worker, social scientists have paid little attention in the postwar period to problems created by unemployment. Even more surprising in this particular year, politicians have been more or less indifferent too. It is true that in many cases unemployment insurance, supplementary unemployment benefits, personal savings, and secondary earnings are sufficient to tide the unemployed worker and his family over temporary idleness. In recent months, however, only about half of the unemployed workers have been eligible to draw unemployment insurance. And many of the unemployed never qualify for insurance benefits, while others remain unemployed after exhausting their benefits. There is ample evidence to show that unemployment has continued to cause considerable distress and want in recent years, despite all the collective-bargaining provisions won by unions and the welfare measures that have been enacted since 1933.

The Stubborn Facts

Since the spring of 1959, a year after the most recent recession reached bottom, administration economists have compiled a catalogue of reasons to explain away the stubborn fact that unemployment has refused to decline below five per cent, although other economic indicators have long since fully recovered.

Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell predicted before the AFL-CIO Unemployment Conference in the spring of 1959 that unemployment would decline below three million by fall, and he promised to eat his hat if his prediction turned out to be wrong. He ate his hat, though it was made of mocha cake. The failure of unemployment to decline has been blamed in turn on the steel strike, the flu, unusually cold weather, and other acts of God. The significant rise in unemployment in June was attributed to the influx of youngsters entering the labor market for the first time, but surely that should hardly have come as a surprise to anyone even casually acquainted with the facts of life. The August figures show a further rise in unemployment to 5.9 per cent, but the official releases continue to ignore the increasing gravity of the unemployment situation.

The attitude of the administration toward unemployment problems was best summarized in July, 1960,

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when President Eisenhower stated that there were "more Americans . . . employed, at higher wages and with more take-home pay than ever before in our history." That is perfectly true, of course. But what about the more than five per cent unemployed?

The Democrats have probably avoided playing up these unemployment statistics because of a semantic problem. Repetition of the old cry about unemployment does not fit with the newer talk of lagging economic growth. In old-fashioned nomenclature, this would have been expressed as the retarded growth rate of employment and the rising level of unemployment.

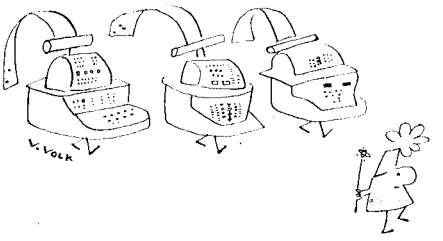
Where Unemployment Hits

But perhaps the major reason for the relative indifference of both economists and politicians to the unemployment problem is the general prosperity. In the past decade there has not been any mass unemployment in the United States, except for short periods of general economic recession. High unemployment has been limited largely to certain groups engaged in blue-collar occupations and to selected areas. It has had little impact on middle-class occupations.

A breakdown of data shows that unemployment is most prevalent among industrial workers, younger workers, and Negroes—and in depressed areas where chronic unemployment or underemployment has prevailed throughout most or all of the postwar period.

Job opportunities for industrial workers have been declining as a result of technological change and automation. During the decade of the 1950's, while industrial production increased by almost two-thirds, it actually took fewer production workers to satisfy the rising demand for additional goods. There are currently 1.7 million fewer production workers employed than in 1953. A coal miner digs today about twice as much coal as he did just after the war. Since the demand for coal has failed to expand, the number of bituminous coal miners in the country is just about half of what it was ten years ago. Many other examples could be cited showing that the demand for production workers in American industry has been declining while the number of white-collar, technical, and professional jobs has been on the increase. Our labor supply has failed to adjust to these changing demands for new skills. Consequently, the unemployment rate among unskilled laborers is almost twice as high as for the total labor force.

THE STATISTICS also show that unemployment among younger workers aged fourteen to twenty-four is triple that of older workers. The incidence of unemployment is highest among unskilled young workers who have dropped out of school and have failed to acquire needed education or vocational training. A Department of Labor study of four thousand high-school graduates and of youngsters who left high school before graduation found sharp differences in the work experience of the two groups. The school dropouts had greater difficulty in finding and holding jobs. At the time of the survey, unemployment among the dropouts was more than three times that of the youngsters who were graduated. In our present-day economy, there just aren't enough jobs to go around for people who do not have the necessary educational or vocational training.



Negroes are another group who have more than their share of unemployment. Discrimination only partly explains this. A more important factor is that most Negroes are engaged in unskilled jobs where the incidence of unemployment is highest.

Most important from a political standpoint, we find high levels of unemployment in a number of depressed areas in the country. These depressed areas tend to be concentrated in the New England states and in the Appalachian region. In addition, unemployment in Detroit has been excessively high during the last few years, and there is a real danger that this major industrial complex may become a depressed area. More recently, with the sharp decline in steel output, there is the danger that a similar pattern may develop in major steel centers in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

The principal cause of unemployment in these areas is the lack of industrial diversification or the dependence upon a single industry. Other factors include rapid technological change, shifts in location of plants, and the depletion of natural resources.

A 'Sleeper' Issue?

Although unemployment was played down as an issue in both the 1960 conventions, it may be an important factor in determining the outcome of the elections in November.

As became apparent in the 1958 Congressional elections, the voters in the states where unemployment is a major problem tend to shift their party allegiance. Most of the gains the Democrats made in the House during 1958 were in Congressional districts with economically depressed areas. If the trend continues in November, Senator Kennedy is likely to be the beneficiary. While Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois has been the chief architect of Federal depressed-area legislation, the Democratic Presidential candidate was the floor leader of the first depressed-area bill to pass the Senate and has supported the two depressed-area bills that Congress passed in 1958 and 1960. President Eisenhower vetoed both bills. Senator Kennedy has also been the chief sponsor in 1959 of legislation that would have boosted the benefits and lengthened the duration of unemployment insurance.

But whatever the outcome of the 1960 elections, the phenomenon of creeping unemployment is likely to continue unless labor, management, and government take positive action to arrest it. Automation and other purely economic factors are certainly going to have to be reckoned with. And although the labor force is sure to expand in the 1960's at a greater rate than it did during the 1950's, the increase in the birth rate during the 1940's will bring more applicants to the labor force during the years ahead. To keep the unemployment level just where it is now we shall have to double the number of new jobs available.

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The Decline of the Labour Party

GEORGE STEINER

WITH THE DEATH of Aneurin Bevan, the great star of British socialism has drooped in the western sky. Many doubt that it will ever rise again.

There are, of course, specific economic and political reasons for the sustained success of the Conservatives. The terms of trade over the past several years have been such that Great Britain has been able to maintain an unprecedented level of home consumption. At the same time, the pressures of international relations have tended to benefit Mr. Macmillan more than Mr. Gaitskell. To English eyes Macmillan has come to represent the honest broker between the United States and the Soviet Union, and it is the Conservative government that the average Englishman now hopefully associates with the cause of peace and negotiation. Precisely because Labour politicians nurse genuine ideological grievances against both Soviet Communism and American capitalism, they appear to stand in petulant isolation from the international scene. Moreover, there is the ever more dominant problem of Africa. Here again, the Conservatives, and Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod in particular, have shown exceptional skill. They have developed their own brand of radicalism, and the voter of whatever party who is anxious to give a "square deal" to Africa has found the Conservatives fully on his side.

The image of a tough, adroit Prime Minister has made deep inroads even among traditional Labour voters. A recent survey, listing fifteen traits that a Prime Minister should have (strong leader, progressive, really honest and sincere, etc.), came up with striking results. Forty-eight per cent of Conservatives interviewed attributed most of these qualities to Macmillan; only thirty-five per cent of Labour supporters thought the list fitted Gaitskell. More Labour supporters chose Macmillan than Gaitskell on such vital headings as "strong enough to make unwelcome decisions" and "smart politician." In short, the Macmillan touch has cut sharply across party lines.

But even when we add up all these factors and take into account Macmillan's extraordinary skill in both parliamentary and party politics, we have still not fully accounted for the dramatic decline in the fortunes of English socialism. In October, 1959, the Labour Party, though defeated, still held forty-four per cent of the national vote. If only four people in every hundred become disenchanted with the Tories at the next general election, the Socialists will be back in Downing Street. Why then the universal wake, the funeral knell that accompanies Mr. Gaitskell at every step?

IN PART, the answer is the natural gloom of politicians defeated in three successive elections. But what matters most is the nature of the electoral shift. In the last election, Labour's heaviest loss was among voters in the age group from twenty-one to thirty. Its only gain occurred among voters more than sixty-five years old (the issue, in that case, being old-age pensions). In terms of class, Labour lost most heavily among prosperous working people and in the lower middle class. It scored gains with voters living on pensions or other forms of national assistance. Regionally, socialism fared worst in the industrial New Towns and throughout the economically vigorous Midlands. Nearly the only victories gained by Labour came in the partially depressed areas of Scotland and the North, with some notable enclaves in Lancashire.

Socialism, it would appear, has become the political creed of the old and the disenchanted. Voters coming of political age in a prosperous economy where there is a labor shortage, except in a small number of pockets of technological depression, obviously find it difficult to identify themselves with a party whose deepest historical and emotional roots are the remembrance and fear of unemployment and economic crisis. Today the young vote Tory, and it is in old-age homes that the fires of socialism are kept burning most brightly. The change is visible in the House of Commons itself. The Tories have seventy-two members aged less than forty, Labour only forty. Eighty Labour M.P.s are more than sixty, twenty of them over seventy; there are only thirty-seven Conservatives in the Commons over sixty. If the recent shifts in party allegiances cannot be halted, then there is indeed ground for supposing that the two-party system in England, as it has operated, will not long endure.

An Inner Revolution

What has happened in England to make the vision of Attlee, Cripps, Bevan, and even Gaitskell seem so dismally out of date? One of the ways of getting at the core of the great inner revolution in English life is to stand near the exit from one of the underground stations in the City of London on a Monday morning. As recently as ten years ago, the throng pouring to work was a sight to dampen one's soul. Clothes were dark and heavy even in summer; shoes had that unrelenting

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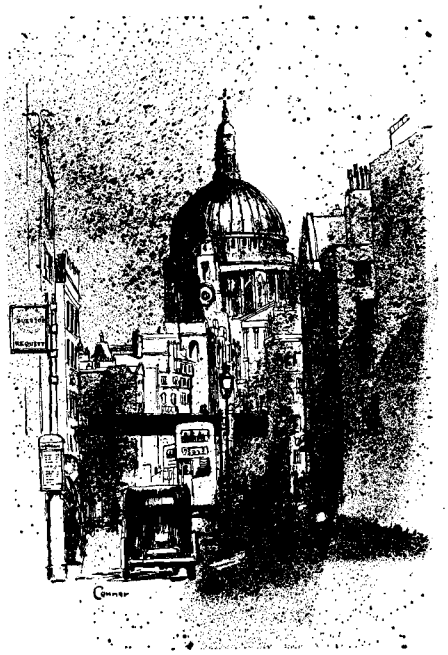
weight characteristic of British footwear; women's handbags were cavernous and functional. Differently from nearly anywhere else in Europe, the armies of the young women who keep modern office life going had the air of gray mice, middle-aged before their time. The long half-hunger of rationing, the skimping of sleep under the bombs, the fine, interminable rain of dust rising from the rubble of shattered buildings, the large heroism and the petty privations—all these had sifted into the very bone of England. And Socialism seemed to be making a stern virtue of cold rooms and musty clothes and wet, wet cabbage.

Today, the same early-morning scene is marvelously different. The men still tend to look like an armada of sober penguins, taut umbrella and briefcase under their wings. But the women are as from a new world. They wear bright colors and clothes that assert rather than deny; their shoes are beginning to have a dash of Italian folly; they carry handbags over their shoulders *à la* Bardot. Their umbrellas are absurd and frothy instead of being grim instruments of survival. Watching thousands of clerks and typists and telephone operators swarming out of the subway near the Bank of England, I had the impression of a horde of butterflies suddenly released over gray ground.

Ask them where they have spent their weekend or their annual two-week holiday. In the old days the answer would have been "home with Mum or Auntie Ethel," or one of the unbelievably depressing seaside resorts in which generations of lower-middle-class Englishmen sat soaking up the rain, the smell of weary kipper, and the swishing of the rubber plants. No longer; the answer today can be Portofino or Deauville, Helgoland or the Costa Brava. The working girl is going abroad. That in itself is a revolution of spirit deeper than the turnover of party politics. Ask her what kind of food she now eats, and again the change is dramatic. She will tell you that she prefers salads and fruit and that fresh meat is no longer a Sunday privilege. She knows that man does not live by starch and wet overcooked vegetables alone. She no longer regards bad food as a cause of national pride. And in her time off, she no longer sticks to the choir group or the aspidistra-arranging club. She swims and plays tennis and does modern dancing; she acts in semi-amateur theatricals or takes



evening courses in the adult education program ranging from archaeology to Russian, from interior decorating to physics.

If you visit her home, the sense of the great change will strike you even more deeply. London and the provincial cities are still the classic ground of the lone bed-sitter with its wretched gas ring, frayed rug, and lithograph of Edward VII's coronation on the peeling wall. In too many areas the uniform, soot-eaten houses still stretch out in hopeless rows, tombs for the living, as D. H. Lawrence and Orwell saw them. But the young are trying to make a new start. They have brought light and color into their flats: modern fabrics, plastics, cheerfully garish patterns and slim lamps. Where there is art on the wall, it is no longer a herd of dolorous cows out of Constable but a reproduction of a blazing Matisse or a Klee or one of those entrancing travel posters with which the Danish government has brightened modern lives. Where the pianola stood with the album of Gilbert and Sullivan or the brown hymnal, there are the hi-fi set and the L.P.s of Scarlatti and Duke Ellington. And this above all (only the Shakespearean note will do): an increasing number of young Englishmen and -women no longer regard heating as a mark of human depravity. One can hardly imagine the revolution which will come about in English morals, education, eating and sleeping habits, family loyalties and class feelings, when the sceptered isle and seat of Mars converts to central heating. The thought of being warm in an English winter . . .

WHAT I AM, in all seriousness, trying to make clear is this: over the past ten years, a profound transformation has begun in the style, rhythm, and inner landscape of English life. Its weapons are brightness, chic, warmth, comfort in the home, travel abroad, and modernity of taste. It probably marks the beginning of the end of the long dominion of Puritanism over the English spirit, a Puritanism first evolved in the seventeenth century and then maintained as a predominant force by Victorian morals, the astringencies of two world wars, and the recurrence of economic crisis.

This revolution or, more accurately, counter-revolution against ideals that shaped much of English life from Cromwell to Cripps is being led essentially by women. This again is a fact with momentous implications. England has been a land where women have been imcomparably honored in poetry and borne on sufferance in practical life. Often they have been treated as a necessary evil to be excluded from all the high places—political, scholastic, social, and economic—in which "the really important business" of civilization is conducted. Today, the bastions are beginning to crumble.

Behind these changes in the style of British life there lies a decisive economic fact: the dynamic rise of a new consumer-goods industry and the attendant techniques of merchandising and advertisement. Since about 1950, English manufacturers have discovered what America found decades earlier: that clothes and shoes and furniture and home appliances can be produced not only at low cost and on a mass scale but also attractively. Such a discovery can change the face of a nation, and it is this change which is taking

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place in England right now. If I had to pick the man who had done most to thrust England into the twentieth century, it would be neither Attlee nor Macmillan, but someone like Sir Simon Marks, the head of Marks & Spencer, the department store on Oxford Street. By bringing stylish, modern designs within reach of the middle-income purse, he and those like him are shaping a new England.

Going American?

In short, the presence of America, which has shaped Britain's economic and international destiny since the end of the Second World War, is also making itself felt in countless aspects of English social life. In a number of significant respects, England is going American. The evidence extends from the passionate interest in Jackson Pollock and the *New Yorker* to the housewives who follow American soap operas on Independent Television. It is an old historical law that it is the cheapest elements in a culture which export most readily. The lower middle class in England and the working class have developed a ravenous taste for the worst that America can give: for cheap movie magazines and Hollywood spectaculars; for Mickey Spillane and hand-painted neckwear. When teen-agers gather around the juke boxes in the working-class neighborhoods in London or Sheffield, they often look like cruel parodies of their American counterparts; cruder, flashier, possibly more violent. Each week, literally millions in England and Scotland watch *Wagon Train* with ardent devotion.

What this means is that the values, the language, and the world picture of England's industrial population and lower bourgeoisie are profoundly penetrated by what they consider to be American values and examples. Somewhere in the mind of the shopgirl in Leeds or of the garage mechanic in Southampton flickers the dream image of a future in which life in England will be rather like that which is portrayed in American movies and television.

This transformation of Great Britain into a kind of mass society which enjoys a relatively high and generally uniform standard of living is, I believe, the main clue toward understanding the decay of the Labour Party. But to see plainly how these two historical facts are related, one must first ask: How is it that some of the more conspicuous aspects of American culture should have been adopted so widely among the English lower classes at a time when political and personal distrust of America still remains strong? The very salesmen or foundry worker who will snarl in his pub at the "bloody Yanks and their bloody A-bombs" hastens home to *Dragnet* or looks forward to the day when he can buy the "missus" a Mixmaster. What lies behind this contradiction?

THE ANSWER is a piece of complex history. The war and the social and economic revolution brought on by socialism in the period 1945-1950

gave to the lower classes the promise of a new life and many of the political and financial means with which to achieve it. It liberated the workingman and the lower middle class from the ancient pressures of malnutrition, inadequate medical care, and slum housing. It opened to their children the prospect of education and of a white-collar career. But—and this is the crucial fact—socialism did not promise a style of life adequate to the new desires and capacities of the British people. This is the great historical failure of the Labour Party.

In reality, there has never been a national culture in England. Spiritually, England has always been divided into what Disraeli called "the two nations." The matchless legacy of English letters, science, political theory, and education, the Oxford accent and the gentleman's code, have always been the proud possession of the few. The class barrier cut across the very heart of English history. What lay outside was either brutish illiteracy or certain very complex local popular cultures. These, as we find them mirrored in the work of Hardy and Lawrence, centered on the local chapel or meetinghouse, on the local dialect, and on ancient regional habits. Culturally, there were many Englands. Lawrence reminds us of a time when miners in one valley could hardly make themselves understood in the next and when marriage outside the village was regarded as a breach of solidarity. These regional cultures were not very lofty, but they were genuine and gave to lower-class rural and industrial life its meager ration of dignity and solace.

But the shrinking of the island through modern transport and communication and the contact among men and women of different backgrounds in the great conscript armies of 1914 and 1940 eroded regional cultures and the old sense of rooted place. By 1945, only Wales, the more remote areas of Scotland, and patches in the North Country of England could claim a genuine autonomy of outlook and cultural tradition. Elsewhere, the standardized emptiness and tawdriness of modern society had swept in.

Thus the political triumph of 1945 left the working classes in a profound dilemma. They could not appropriate for their new leisure and new ambitions the cultural heritage so long and so jealously guarded by the upper classes. It was too remote from them, too closely encircled by barriers of education and accent and "good manners." The gardener, the charwoman, and the cook had won control of the big house. But they had neither the clothes nor the nerve needed to enter the drawing room and the library. Yet at the same time, those regional cultures from which the leaders of working-class consciousness had drawn their strength in the late nineteenth and early twentieth cen-

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tury were no longer viable. Across the promised land of political, economic, and social liberation lay a spiritual vacuum. To a large extent this vacuum is now being filled by a British imitation of American mass culture.

To maintain itself in effective power, a British political party must reckon and work with this upsurge of new attitudes and expectations. The Conservatives have done so brilliantly, and often, it must be said, cynically. The Labour Party has failed to do so. That is the primary cause of its present decline.

The New Puritans

At first glance, this fact seems to imply a flagrant paradox. How can it be that the Tories, who are the very embodiment of the old, lofty style of English life, should deal successfully with the brave new world of the motor scooter, the espresso bar, and the television crooner, whereas Labour, the avowed representative of the lower orders, should find no genuine approach to these new forces? But the paradox is only apparent. If we look more closely at the history of socialist ideals and at the men who command the Labour Party, the explanation becomes clear.

In its stress on public virtue and private effort, in its belief in collective responsibility and the transcendent, ideal nature of the state, socialism is the legitimate heir to Puritanism. The Labourites have always embodied the strain of apostolic militancy in the English temper. They believe in the virtues of austerity and sacrifice, not only for momentary practical ends but as national traits to be valued in themselves. The normative gestures of socialism are the rolling up of the sleeve and the tightening of the belt. Passionately convinced that it is sinful that a few should have much and many should have little, the shapers of socialist ideology have tended to come up with the answer that all should have little. The flame of the socialist faith burns purest in men like Cripps, with his vegetable-juice diet, or in Lord Attlee, that Coolidge of the Labour Party who uses words as if each syllable cost money.

This austere, idealistic vision of individual conduct and state authority appeals strongly to intellectuals. With certain notable exceptions (Bevin, Morrison, Bevan), the Labour Party has recruited its leadership and spokesmen from the ranks of middle-class intellectuals. The Labour front bench is as deeply rooted in the great schools and Oxford and Cambridge as is the Conservative. Men such as Gaitskell and R. H. S. Crossman are ex-academics with all the psychological quirks of the urban intelligentsia.

And they suffer from a constant inner malaise: they know that their own past has been far easier and more privileged than that of the masses for whom they speak. Their political education took place not at the pit face or in the railroad yard, but in the seminars of the London School of Economics or in the cloistered walks at Oxford. To compensate for this, they develop attitudes of extreme sobriety and self-denial. Yet they cannot wholly suppress their natural distinction of mind and bearing. They are ill at ease with the bustling vulgarity of the rank and file. As in all virtuous men and idealists, there is in the character of the bourgeois leaders of British socialism an ineradicable strain of snobbery. The slap on the back stings their souls. To document, in a single vision, the failure of the Labour Party, one need only look at the photographs of the annual dance or "hop" which takes place at the close of the party congress in Blackpool or Margate or Brighton. Here is Mr. Gaitskell dancing the reel with the "ordinary folk." Wearing a baggy print dress and costume jewelry, the baker's wife or the miner's daughter whirls on either hand. The "Chief," a leg jauntily brandished, gambols in the middle. On his pudgy, thoughtful face there is an expression in which moral fervor and personal discomfort are marvelously mixed. And the nose wrinkles, unmistakably.

BY MORAL TRADITION and personal temper, Gaitskell and his parliamentary colleagues were unprepared to deal with the great hunger for the frills of leisure that swept the British electorate after a decade of war and enforced privation. The old lions of the party, who had fought the good fight in the decades of

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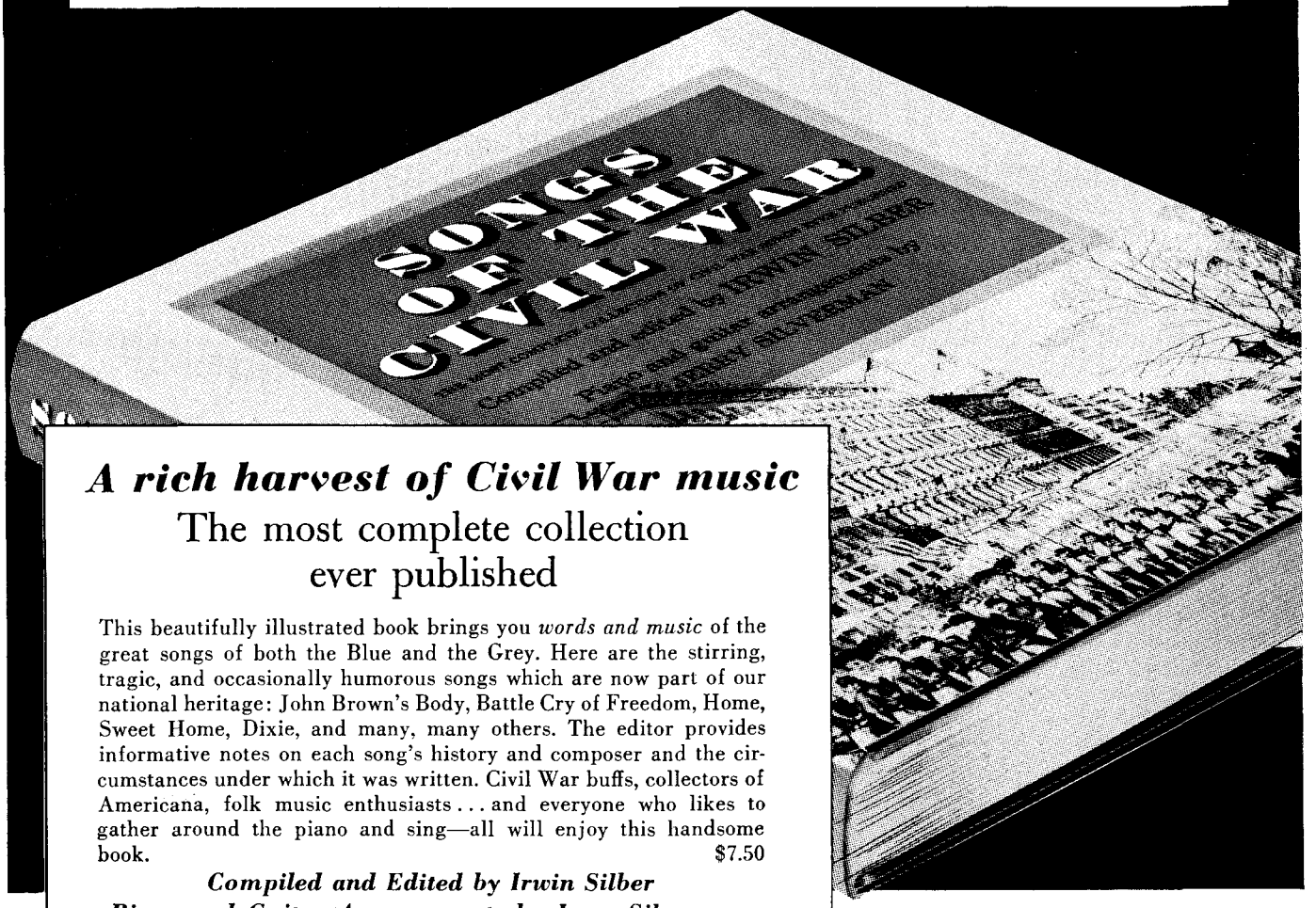

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misery and industrial strife between the wars, had no understanding or sympathy for the frivolity of the new masses. Men who had seen their families die of coal-dust poisoning or walked the streets of hunger in the 1930's could not grasp the mixture of indifference or covert admiration with which the new postwar workingman looks upon his managers and employers. The language of Bevan and Morrison is no longer meaningful to the young; it speaks to the harsh remembrance of the old. And it is their vote which it commands.

The Common Touch

Hence the Labour Party has persisted in fighting battles which no longer have any real meaning or which it won in the late 1940's. Despite the rather dismal record of the publicly owned coal and railroad industries, Gaitskell once again went to the country in 1959 with a program for further nationalization (in which he himself probably has little faith). A survey conducted after the election disclosed that even among Labour supporters, only twenty per cent wanted more public ownership. Asked which promise in the party electoral platform would have pleased them most, only two per cent of the Labour voters interviewed mentioned nationalization. Nearly thirty-five per cent named "help for the old."

The lesson is plain and the Tories have learned it with gusto. They have become the champions of the consumer society and have identified themselves with the jovial vulgarity and materialism that characterize the new England. After their defeat in 1945, the Conservatives under R. A. Butler and Lord Woolton re-examined their entire philosophy and tactics. They understood in which direction the winds of change were blowing and re-emerged as the party of the young, the ambitious, and the consumer-minded. They have fought not with ideas or ideals but with cakes and ale. By encouraging a tremendous expansion in hire purchase (consumer credit), they have allowed millions of Englishmen to follow their American cousins into cheerful debt. Throughout England men lie in beds they have not paid for and sit entranced in front of television sets financed by small monthly installments. Indeed, if one had to choose the emblem of Conservative victory, it could well be the TV screen. The Tories have let the backers of Independent Television make fortunes and looked on complaisantly as all of British television has plunged to new depths of vulgarity.

A POLITICAL CARTOON published after the general election of 1959 goes to the heart of the matter. It depicts Macmillan relaxing in an avuncular armchair. Around him stand a modern refrigerator, a small low-priced car, a washing machine, and a TV set. "Well, gentlemen," says the victorious Prime Minister, "I think we all fought a good fight."

Mr. Macmillan's role in the new Conservatism is a major one. Unlike either Eden or Gaitskell, he has a genuine common touch. Secure in his own social eminence, he meets the common man with jovial ease. He radiates bonhomie, in the style of a portly character out of Fielding. As he slogs through cow pastures to pat prize bulls on the nose or lines up for his tea at the factory canteen, Macmillan vividly communicates the idea that he is enjoying himself. His walrus countenance, half dormant and half cunning, seems to be saying: "Be like myself; enjoy life." Or as Guizot said to France over a hundred years ago: *"Enrichissez-vous."*

That has been the underlying message of the Conservatives since 1950, and they have got it across to the electorate by a skillful, massive use of the techniques of modern advertising. During the twenty-four months preceding the general election of 1959, the Conservatives spent on advertising only £8,000 less than the total amount spent on the election by 625 Tory candidates. Over £1.5 million were spent by private groups under Conservative aegis to warn the voters of the threat of Socialist nationalization. The firm that directed the Conservative publicity effort spent some £500,000 on posters and newspaper advertising. The most refined techniques of market research were used to discover what image of the party and of its program would have the strongest consumer appeal. When it emerged that parents were most concerned about placing their children in grammar schools (at about age twelve), cherubic six-year-olds vanished from Tory posters and were replaced by their older brothers and sisters in gym clothes.

Labour also tried to get in on the new political circus and spent £103,000 on advertising in 1958-1959. But the money was used amateurishly and without conviction. The open vulgarity of the techniques seemed to repel the Socialist conscience.

Does all this mean that the Labour Party's fate is continued and irreparable defeat? The most confident Tory would not risk that pre-

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diction. In the short run, the swing of a few percentage points in the national electorate needed to bring Labour back to power is perfectly conceivable. A number of factors could provoke it. An American recession or a drastic shift in the terms of trade could halt or slow down England's prosperity. Critics of government policy are saying that the Conservatives have neglected the expansion of basic industries and of the vital export trade in order to keep the home market buoyant and satisfied. And there is always the possibility that new leaders will emerge from Labour ranks. So far there are none in sight. But such things are subject to fairly rapid change. The new Bevan may be somewhere around the next corner.

The End of an Era

Yet even a temporary return to power by virtue of crisis or political skill would not resolve the basic dilemma of English socialism. Amid the churning Mixmasters and blazing television sets, socialism stands forlorn, like a stern old schoolteacher, croaking ancient slogans and battle cries in a language fewer and fewer people understand. Can it learn the new speech of mass democracy? Only by recasting its most hallowed concepts. Only if it throws overboard its view of the class struggle, of business cycles, of the trade unions' role in government, of the links between technological progress and unemployment. But if it does revise its image of the world so drastically, will socialism still be socialism?

Political parties founded on alliances of interest and traditions of personal background, such as the Conservative Party, can alter their fundamental ideas without losing their identity. (In many respects, Butler and Macleod today stand to the left of Labour.) Ideological parties cannot. If the Labour Party loses its socialist faith, it loses itself—and to that extent Crossman and the other rebels are right in their attack on Gaitskell.

The dilemma seems inescapable, and the death of Aneurin Bevan may strike future historians as a convenient date at which to end the history of his party as he knew and loved it.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Union Without Issue

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

EVER SINCE the war, two figures have dominated the French literary Left. They are Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre. The two are linked not only by their literary reputations but also in a union they believe to be stronger than marriage. "Nothing about Sartre and me can be understood," de Beauvoir has written, "unless one takes into account that which explains and justifies our relationship, the twin signs we bear on our foreheads: fraternity." When they first met in the Latin Quarter, Simone was twenty, Jean-Paul twenty-three. Marriage was a bourgeois institution, and they held all bourgeois institutions in contempt: "That we would remain unmarried was a matter of course." Their union was a contract with the purpose both of creation—they were to "encompass everything, be witness to everything"—and of rebellion against the prejudices of their society and their times.

From the first, then, their unconventional union was dedicated both to creation and to freedom. "Our love," said Sartre, always the philosopher even in his lover's vocabulary, "is an unconditional one; we must also experience the kinds of love that are conditioned and relative." And when they went arm in arm to the neighborhood restaurant, the lovers played at calling themselves "Monsieur et Madame M. Organatic," or in more expensive establishments "Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hattic, American millionaires." They were of course immensely voluble: "Words did not frighten me; I soon realized that were our conversation to be pursued until the end of the world, the time would seem too short," de Beauvoir has said. Thirty years later that conversation is still going on. It is between two first-rate minds that together have won their wager that they would carry on an endless fight against decay in whatever form it might take: growing old, loss of conviction, change of heart, and even success.

AT PRESENT, through a coincidence no doubt as inevitable as their love, Sartre and de Beauvoir are publishing autobiographies. They are presenting their balance sheets. Probably they are led to do this be-

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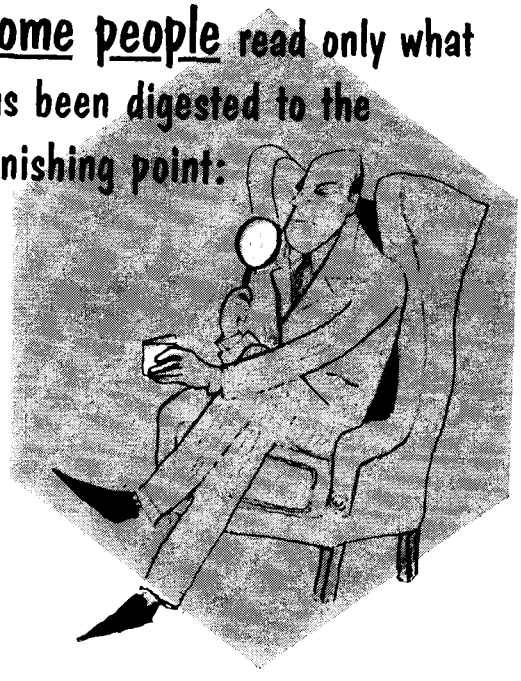
Some people ask the man on the street:

Some people read only what has been digested to the vanishing point:



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cause the intellectual Left has come to a dead end, what with the Algerian war and the régime of a "savior" whom the Left can neither accept, since he is a general supported by the military, nor throw out: who would do it, and for whom? The books Sartre and de Beauvoir are writing are of great importance; in laying bare their lives, they reveal the moral habits, the hopes, the failures, and at times the illusions of their generation.

De Beauvoir was the first to begin, two years ago, with *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* an account of her adolescence which ended when she met Sartre. At the time she announced that she did not expect to continue the narrative, since it would involve writing about living people, and particularly about Sartre.

She has changed her mind. She had just returned from a trip to China a year and a half ago when I talked with her in her Montparnasse studio and she told me that she was planning a sequel. "I would like to discover why I wrote the books I have written. Why those particular books and not others? It's astonishing to look at what one has done in the light of the wild ambitions one had at twenty. One planned, one expected to give the world an important message. Yes, now I want to find out precisely why I have written what I have written."

Too conscientious a humanist not to be afraid of devoting too much time to her own personality, she added: "I believe that to tell meticulously the truth about oneself helps others understand their own truth. For the moment, to write about myself is the best way I know of speaking to other people about themselves."

De Beauvoir has now completed *Suite,* and the book is scheduled for publication in October. *Les Temps Modernes,* Sartre's magazine, published excerpts during the summer. In this new book we see this daughter of strict bourgeois Catholics, faced with the need to earn a living, has continued her studies—an activity, however necessary, that her parents deplored—and has earned the right to teach philosophy in the government school system. For a woman to be *agrégée de philosophie* was even more exceptional then than it is now. She took her examinations with Sartre; he was first that year, and she was second. After this achievement, she proceeded to flout the prejudices of her day by living in a hotel room unchaperoned and having an open affair with a young professor. Neither she nor Sartre had any money. Both were filled with immense hope—a hope very different from what it was to become. For these astonishingly frank confessions show that these two champions of Marxist revolution started out as determined individualists, Cartesians, followers of Alain, that oracle of the Radical Socialists, and had set themselves the task of "saving all things from time and nothingness." "Man," they said, "must be created anew; his invention will in part be our achievement."

These two mystics who believed in salvation through writing were convinced that the world needed them in order to exist. (Pursuing this thesis to the extreme, de Beauvoir once succeeded in convincing Sartre that microbes did not exist since he could not see them.) And de Beauvoir added that her personal aim was to make her life "an exemplary experience in which the whole world would be reflected." The great adventure would be to write and create, without leaving anything out. And also to see everything: sidewalks, cafés, people in the street. For those two minds of boundless good will, there was nothing that did not teach, nothing that did not reveal.

"I went to look at a tree," Sartre once wrote to de Beauvior. "It was very lovely. Unfortunately I have no idea what kind of a tree it was. . . ." It was at this time that he conceived the idea for *La Nausée.*

Penniless, they despised the rich and expected nothing of them. In this they differed from Scott Fitzgerald, for whom only the rich, who "are not like us," possessed a certain truth, a certain art—or vice—of living. In *Suite* de Beauvoir writes: "Habitués of palace hotels, the young men who drove Hispano-Suiza cars, women in minks, dukes, millionaires, we considered all this fine world as the lowest of the low. I felt only irony and pity for such people. . . . When I passed the forbidden delights of Fouquet's on the Champs-Elysées, or Maxim's on the rue Royale, I used to tell myself that the outsiders were the people within. . . ."

They longed to travel. But they could afford neither train nor steamship, so they went on their bicycles or afoot. Assigned to teach in Marseilles while Sartre remained in Paris, the young woman occasionally walked as much as forty kilometers of a Sunday. Churches, estuaries, villages, she felt the need to see all Provence. After all, when still a child, she had promised herself that she would "go all over the world without missing a single meadow, a single brook."

She had a formidable appetite for

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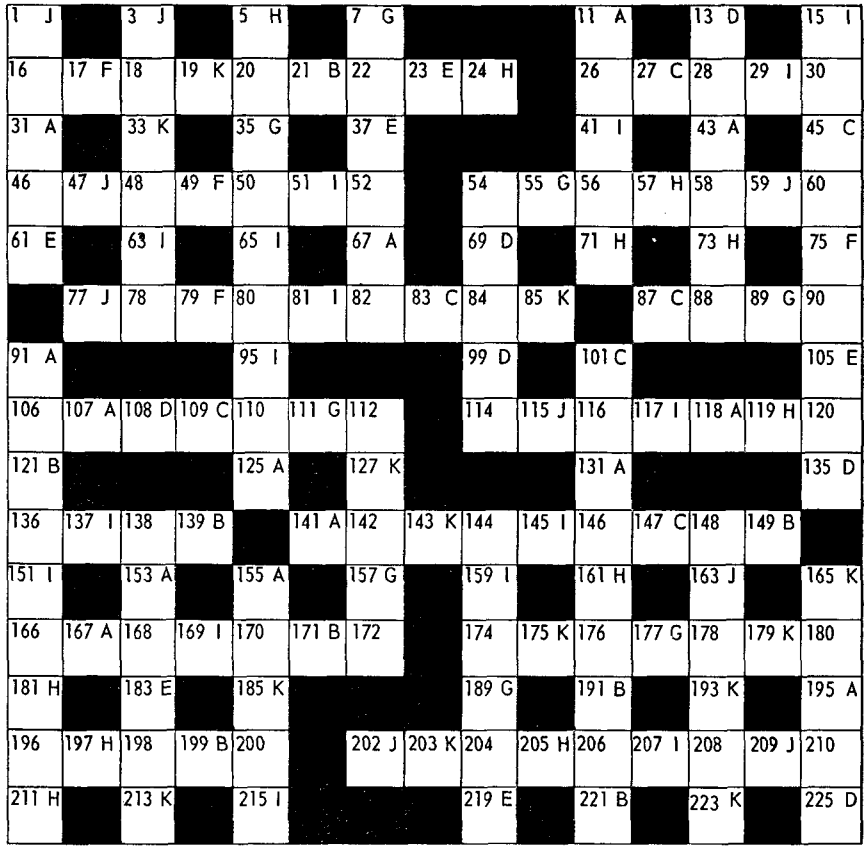
THE REPORTER Puzzle 16

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
31 91 43 155 67 125 107 153 195 141
118 11 167 131
He who fights and runs away. (1,4,6,3)

B
199 21 171 221 139 191 149 121
Ancient Syrian seaport.

C
87 27 45 109 83 101 147
British beverage, not for the afternoon, usually. (4,3)

D
69 99 108 13 225 135
Draws out or develops.

E
39 23 219 105 61 183
Wrinkled.

F
49 17 79 75
"But let the poor And___within them, starve at door:" Herbert, Unkindness.

G
157 35 89 189 177 55 111 7
Acrostician's work.

H
197 71 5 24 161 205 211 181 73 119 57
One purpose of sacrifice.

I
137 63 117 95 15 81 151 215 159 65
145 41 207 51 169 29
Water at the center of the world. (13,3)

J
59 77 3 115 163 202 47 1 209
Not this but that (5,4)

K
143 179 85 165 175 213 33 203 19
185 127 193 223
Lachrymose programs. (3,4,6)

DOWN

1. Bat up in two directions and penetrates.
3. Very soft in a nobleman, but spice on the whole.
5. Go up a Swiss mountain in a little fight and become accuser.
7. French railroad station for two directions consents.
11. 150 units of electricity which bind.
13. Fee for the Light Brigade?
15. Mules tour waveringly.
54. She and the editor. Which takes notice?
91. Not a box for a flight but the flight itself.
101. Go in with five hundred. You will be charmed.
112. Build out of stronger ectoplasm.
138. Richardson novel makes Pa lame, halt, and blind.
144. Floor walking or pig can be confused.
148. Caters at rest.
155. One who runs with a mocking grin. Perhaps Word A.
165. Idles on a declivity.

ACROSS

16. Work of Acrostician. (3,6)
26. Harlean MS no man's operatta composer.
46. Softly I baste a sacrament.
54. With O, musical instrument seems bored with routine.
77. Golf teacher tried and objected.
87. Be fifty-fifty. That's swell!
106. Spill tea on part of a lady's gown and an edible fungus will grow.
114. What jazz should do when you used yon music.
136. Little devil and I join to make a Zulu regiment.
141. Speed rate gives no hope.
166. It seems fugitive from Sodom arrived at King Arthur's castle.
174. Stiffen to make a long ace.
196. All in direction of a French room.
202. Little Edward and Company minced nest, and agreed.

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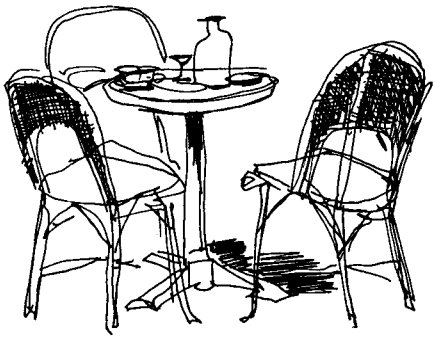
life: "In all my existence I have met no one more fitted than I for happiness. In 1929, I believed in peace, progress, and a future that would sing with joy. I felt that my own story must share in the harmony of the universe: had I been unhappy, I would have felt exiled, lost from reality . . ."

She was sure of her love: "I was certain that no misfortune would ever come to me from him, unless he died before me. . . . No child would have strengthened my bond with Sartre; I had no wish that Sartre's existence should be reflected and prolonged in that of any other; he sufficed unto himself, and he was all I needed." Intellectually, also, she was sure: "We prided ourselves on possessing the deepest-rooted of freedoms. . . . What existed we considered only as the raw material for our effort, with no power to limit it: we were convinced that we were dependent upon nothing."

That was their point of departure; they stood in the light of a glorious dawn. What came after was work, of course, and success, but also the war and, worse still, the crumbling of their dreams and of their certainties. De Beauvoir's *The Mandarins* was a fictionalized admission of the failure of an ideology, of a love, and also, in certain ways, of a woman. In that novel the proud voice of youth turned into something more brittle—and more human. It is not that de Beauvoir has ceased to believe that "everyone starts life in freedom" and remains the creator and depository of his own freedom; it is only that she now seems gradually to be aware of the great misfortune that awaits all women—even a woman who has written *The Second Sex* and has overcome all anti-feminist prejudice—the misfortune of having to grow old.

THERE WAS LIGHT in their lives but also shadow. Compared to his endlessly vigorous friend, Sartre seems to have suffered more, to be more deeply marked, but also to be a great deal stronger. According to de Beauvoir, he used to be "dazzlingly gay." His latest play, *Les Séquestrés d'Altona,* is profoundly tragic. Among the several themes that spiral through the play, one is new in the work of this philosopher who has talked endlessly of freedom: it is the theme of failure, and perhaps it is this new accent that makes a verbose, heavily intellectualized play moving.

Von Gerlach is a German industrialist, a member of Europe's governing class that must bear responsibility for the catastrophe of the Second World War. His son Franz, an SS lieutenant, tortured prisoners and became known as the Butcher of Smolensk. Ever since the war, this heir to a proud industrial kingdom has shut himself up, working day and night to deny the horror by which he is obsessed. Sartre asks,



How is it possible for a twenty-year-old boy to sink, through no will of his own, into committing the foulest of crimes? It is obvious to his French audience that Sartre is alluding to the war in Algeria.

After thirteen years of desperate and subtle efforts to erase or explain his shame, and after failing to find a "dialectical" solution, Franz gives up: he would prefer never to have been born. At this point his father, old and dying, enters the debate: it is he, not Franz, who is responsible for the massacres, he who gave Europe its shape and permitted the creation of murderous mechanisms, he who created his soldier-hangman son. Franz asks: "Then I was predestined?" The father says "Yes." Franz asks: "Predestined to failure?" "Yes." "To crime?" "Yes." "Because of you?" "Because of my passions."

If the son is nothing but his father's passions, if the new wave breaks on the shore only because it has been formed by some earlier, distant storm, what becomes of freedom?

In a conversation that took place shortly after the opening of *Les Séquestrés d'Altona,* I was surprised to hear Sartre admit, "From my boyhood right up to now I have known what it is to be completely without any power of action." He was not, as I first thought, speaking in a moment of discouragement: he has recently reiterated that admission of defeat in the outspoken and moving preface he wrote for a new edition of *Aden Arabie* by one of the closest friends of his youth, Paul Nizan. Nizan and Sartre were classmates at the Ecole Normale: "From 1920 to 1930 we were indistinguishable . . . people mistook us one for the other."

In those days Sartre was optimistic, happy, confidently preparing his literary future; Nizan was the ghost at the feast. Sarcastic, reticent, and fastidious, Nizan refused the bribes offered youth by the elder generation. Sartre writes: "All his life he kept saying, insolent and charming, 'Never believe in Santa Claus.'" Nizan was sure that the class struggle would end in war. A trip to Arabia convinced him that the governing classes and the wealthy, in their indifference to the misery of the peoples they exploited, were on the wrong track. Upon his return, at twenty-five, he wrote *Aden Arabie,* an indictment of what capitalism makes of man. No one paid the slightest attention, Sartre no more than anyone else. Was not everyone free, in the Europe of 1930, to "encompass everything and understand everything"? Nizan became more and more of a recluse. Finally he joined the Communist Party, in which he saw the only way to fight against the established social order. He was a rebel and an honest man. Embittered and humiliated after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact, he tore up his party card and the year following he went off to be killed at Dunkirk.

TODAY, twenty-five years after its first appearance, here is *Aden Arabie* again, the outcry of a young man who was a prophet too soon. Sartre's preface is the impassioned lament of a man of fifty-five who now blames himself for not having listened to what his own youth was trying to say to him through the voice of his friend: that one had to say "No" and then "No" again.

"No" to what? To any sort of

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compromise. Sartre long believed in the viability of an intellectual Left, that is to say a liberal socialist movement that would be revolutionary without being Communist. He never joined the Communist Party. Faced now with the confusion and defeat of France's political and intellectual Left, he writes angrily: "[The Left] is a rotten carcass in which the worms are busy. It stinks. Rule by the military, dictatorship, and fascism will crawl out of the decomposing filth."

He blames himself for having sought to follow a middle road, for having yielded even if only for a moment, even if only as in a dream, even if only on a few rare occasions, to the appeal of compromise with the social order. He blames himself also for growing old. Never has a man, who after all is not yet an old man, scorned with such cold fury the decrepitude of those who have outlived their youth. They should not still be alive: "If we are here at all, it is because we have gone along with everything. . . . Fifty years of existence in this backward province that France has become is in itself degrading. . . . Our bones are grown old and we discover that we have accomplished nothing, at an age when people write their last wills. . . . We are old now: we have so often betrayed our youth that it is no more than simple decency never to mention it. . . . Twenty-five? Yes, I must once have been twenty-five, but now I'm fifty-five. . . ."

The outcry is angry, but it is also poetic: it is a thousand times more fierce, and actually more rebellious—if rebellion consists in rejecting life itself—than the outcries of the young.

It seems as if Sartre desperately regrets, as one regrets a lost love, that he did not die before rounding the fatal cape of forty, that he did not simply clear out, as Nizan did at thirty-five, in a gesture of haughty disdain, saying "No" to the last. In this extraordinary preface to a young man's book, Sartre, choking with fury and grief, turns against himself. He who has never been able to halt the flow of speech or pen imposes silence on himself: "Now that the old men are finished; let this adolescent speak to his brothers."

What exactly is he blaming himself for, this man who has always said "No" to the seduction of his times? The answer is clear: he cannot forgive himself for not having carried his refusal to its ultimate conclusion, for not having joined the Communist Party. Or rather, since there was nothing to stop him—and in fact there still is nothing to stop him—for not having been able to join it. The truth is that he could not and cannot join it because he is not free. He is not free because Jean-Paul Sartre, French bourgeois writer nourished by Claudel, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Mallarmé, cannot in conscience cease being what he knows he is. No call from his heart or from his mind can summon him into the ranks of the working classes.

If he ever could have been a Communist, it was when he was twenty. For in the 1920's neither the Communist Party, the Soviet Union, Sartre's philosophy, nor the world struggle was what it is today. It was then that Nizan joined the party. Sartre's anguished preface to Nizan's

book shows that he knows it was the last call for him, too.

He knows today that it is too late for unconditional dedication in politics, too late because the dogma he and de Beauvoir proclaimed thirty years ago—"We thought ourselves independent of everything"—no longer seems valid to him. Was it pride then, or illusion? Today Sartre would probably no longer propose his thesis of radical freedom. It was Nizan who was right: "He felt the weight of his chains. I refused to feel the weight of mine. I kept telling him we were free. He did not answer." Has the Sartre who once preached the free man's duty to become "engaged" in the world's combat now reached the point of confessing that a man is not entirely independent of the accidental, unchosen circumstances of his life?

In the course of Sartre's recent trip to Cuba, he became aware, perhaps, of still another wall. (The men of the Left used to dream that there were no barriers to a revolution that must be universal; that dream is fading now and vanishing.) There he was, a revolutionary intellectual in the midst of young revolutionaries whose aims he could not but approve. He made a curious admission: "Here in Cuba," he said, "I feel even older than in Paris."

Older, that is to say more apart. No matter how great his sympathy for young revolutions, Sartre can no longer feel himself a part of them. It is not just that he is old; it is simply that he cannot be a rebel. "No one can speak for children," Bernanos once sighed. "One would have to know the language of childhood." For Sartre this discovery that only with dead friends like Nizan can he feel fraternity has been painful. He is obsessed with growing old, and the jealousy an aging idealist feels toward those who are taking his place in the front ranks is perhaps the most acute of jealousies. No longer can Sartre speak for the young. And he has been quicker than they to recognize the fact.

What can he do? Accept the situation? Admit that one cannot be at one and the same time Sartre and a militant fellagha? Content himself with being a mere witness, that most humiliating form of political impotence?

At one point in that play of Sartre's the self-imprisoned murderer and dialectician proclaims: "I took the weight of our times on my shoulders, and I said 'I shall be responsible for the century.'" Must Sartre accept this burden—of his times, of his bourgeois origin—and, like the sorry protagonist of his play, shut himself off from the world? Or can a furiously honest Sartre yet find his way?

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The Wasteful Savers

CURTIS HARNACK

THERE IS a Persian proverb that says: "If a man is blind, God provides the lure to catch birds." For many modern Persians the presence of Americans in their country is just such a gift from God, and various uses are made of it. Last year I was in Iran as a Fulbright teacher in the provincial mountain city of Tabriz, about thirty miles from the Russian border of Azerbaijan.

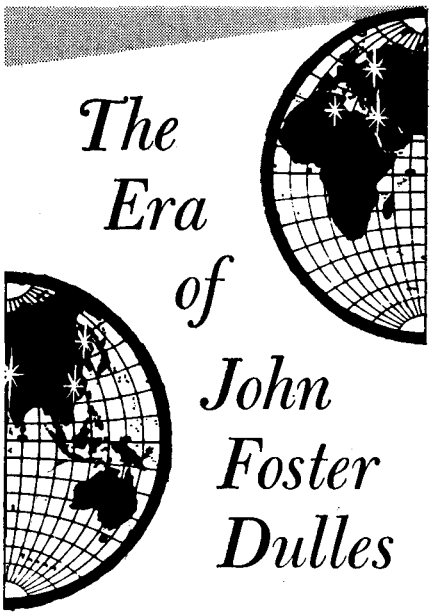
I lived in one half of a white-washed adobe building, and my German-born landlady, widow of an Iranian physician, lived on the other side. She had been forced to take in a renter because of her husband's fatal addiction to opium—all funds had been consumed by it. My apartment was neatly kept and furnished in a style that may have been vaguely Freiburg a quarter century ago, when as a maiden she had met the Persian medical student whom she married. Handsome, four-foot high kerosene lamps from Samarkand glowed in the windows.

Picture several male students in their early twenties, dressed in rakishly tailored suits, as they entered the garden of my home through a gate in the high mud wall. It was autumn, and my servant Hassan, wearing a ragged, discarded suit and shoes made from old tires, led them along, amiably chatting with them in Turki, the local dialect.

My guests sat down gingerly, their shoes left outside the door. They took tea and pistachio nuts and glanced about appraisingly. "How much do you pay?" It was the inevitable, exasperating question, though intended as a polite social remark. I gave them a truthful answer, and they shook their heads. "Ah, it is too much. Too much."

WE TALKED about their interests in life; they wanted, above all, to be rich and powerful. Power is necessary in order to remain rich, for without it, one night the police might come to your door with a deed showing that you no longer owned your house, that your bank balance was gone, and that you had nothing but the carpets under your feet.

But there was another side to their natures, and they were pleased to



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display this: a sensitivity to beauty, a concern for poetry, an interest in the afterlife, and, sometimes, an enervating morbidity—a desire for death. Most of them had read "inspirational" books from America. They knew that they should be up and doing, that the grave was not their goal, that if they tried to think right, things would go right. The western message was like a pill that they supposed should be swallowed: it might cure Iran of what ailed it. But I felt as I listened to their self-admonishments that they no more believed this than they believed in the party line from Moscow.

The personal questions continued, for the way of disclosures is the way to friendship. "How much money do you make?" "Do you take a bath every day?" "How much do you pay the servants?" Asked with the directness of a child's query, these questions demanded candid answers. The Persians were quite willing to divulge information about their lives—and did; a bit diluted, of course. The Koran prescribed the rules for all intimate conduct, after all; there was no mystery in the least, except in the ways in which the general laws were applied to their lives. I learned that their friendliness and volubility covered a subtle secrecy not easily encroached upon.

They explored my apartment and peered at the array of commissary goods shipped by rail from Teheran. They marveled at the extent of this hoard and said, "You could open a shop." While I tried to explain western plumbing in the bathroom, I knew that a student in the living room was quickly perusing the half-finished letter in my typewriter, having fun using his newly acquired English.

In the hallway one of them asked: "Sir, what is this?" He stood pointing over my wastebasket. "Surely you are not throwing *this* away?" At first I could not understand what he meant, until he fondled the garland of excelsior I had discarded. "What is it?" he asked. These wonderful, delicate coils of wood were soft but springy, he pointed out, and far better than the stuffing Iranians ordinarily had in bedding and upholstered chairs. I assured him that he might have it, and he gathered it up in a paper sack.

As the months unfolded, this interest on the part of Iranians in what I had to throw away made me feel humble and unworthy. I had so much of everything, and yet there was no simple means of salving this guilt; the ocean of want around me was too wide, too deep. One thing became evident: I could not really dispose of anything. My most immediate reminder of this was Hassan, who came each day to remove garbage and trash. I would watch him from the window as he shambled along slowly, poring over what I had discarded that day. He would begin his eager perusal, lifting out the burnished Tuborg beer cans as if he had found miniature bronze samovars. The foil packets which had contained Lipton's soup were delightful surprises—and at first quite baffling, both as to what I had used them for and what use he could make of

them. The malleable metal strip from a coffee-can lid could be twisted and looped. Hassan would sell this to a droshky driver for one and a half rials; it would be an admirable thing for holding together a broken harness. I saw that I was introducing into Hassan's life a modest source of capital—an American aid program on a diminutive scale.

I was becoming conditioned by what I saw each day on Pahlavi Avenue as I walked to the university. I would pass a squatting merchant on a blanket, his wares before him, chanting to attract business. He had for sale thirty empty Carter's ink bottles; it was puzzling to imagine where he had gotten them. Farther along a man specializing in art objects was selling a page from an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was a four-color advertisement for Hotpoint showing a father, mother, and two crisply dressed daughters smugly regarding the legend in needlework on the wall behind them: "Bless Our Happy Hotpoint Home." Now it was handsomely encased behind glass with a gold baroque frame.

I was pleased to realize that Hassan's wife would be delighted with the stack of American Christmas cards I had received. Later, she was even wearing one of them. She was enchanted with the gift-wrap paper and colored ribbons but probably sold them. Sometimes for Hassan I obligingly set aside an empty olive jar or a neat little mushroom tin.

Immersed in the ways of a bits-and-pieces economy, I was becoming accustomed to the fact that the homemade curtains in my bedroom were fashioned out of strips of unbleached muslin; the draw cord was cheap white string knotted together, with a naked spool for the drape pull. It was a novelty for me, an all-thumbs mechanic, to find myself not only understanding every mechanical operation I observed but thinking of practical improvements. On the surface of the economic scene there was a hustling and crying, a certain busyness. One saw wooden trunks veneered with patches of Snow Crop orange-juice and Blatz beer cans; tables made of packing crates.

One day in spring when Hassan's little treasure room near the chicken coop happened to be open I peered inside, and there in an enormous heap was what he had collected from me—at least, what he had not yet sold or disposed of. It seemed indecent that I had consumed enough canned food to have left this tremendous pile. And most disturbing of all, I saw many little bits that I had not been conscious of discarding: bottle caps, empty folders of book matches, underwear buttons, and a used kerosene wick. Next to all of this was a round, somewhat dusty red ball; had this, too, once been mine? I found that it was made of wax and for a moment could not imagine what connection it had with me. And then suddenly, as if it were a waif to whom much had happened, I recognized it despite its changed form: this was the red wax outer layer of some Gouda cheeses I had eaten.

Despite all this concern for carefully preserving things, Iranians threw away time, energy, purpose. I asked my student friends if they had not made plans for the future now that it was spring and they would

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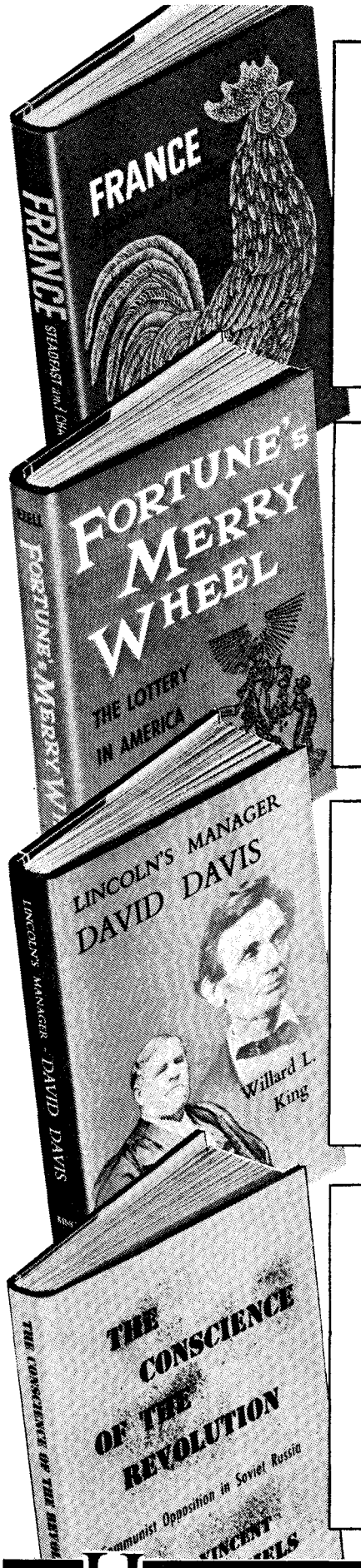
be graduating. They found it difficult to answer my question.

Did I not understand their dilemma? True, they were now educated men, but how could they put to any purpose their training and intelligence? Their lives would probably come to nothing. Oh, of course they could teach school, but that would mean being despised by family and friends, for it was the lowest-paying job for an educated man. A teacher cannot afford to marry; he cannot have a car, a home, anything.

"You ask, what about going into business? But there is no business. We hear about dams, projects, about *this* and that plan, organization, and all the rest, but where are the jobs in Tabriz? Or any other city? Why do men walk the streets with nothing to do? Some of us, when we get our degrees, may go to work in the Bank Melli—three or four of us —the ones with the most influence, since it is a national bank.

"Some of us will work in the bazaar with our fathers in the same old way—the way of the ages. Our education will be for nothing, if we do that. So many occupations are beneath us now. If we come from villages where our parents own land, we cannot go back except to visit. They have sacrificed to send us to college. They expect us to be rich and have good jobs in the cities.

"Most of us want to live in Teheran, but it is crowded with other young Iranians like us, and there are no jobs there either, unless you have great influence. And so expensive! We may go into the army as officers, for there at least we will have orderlies serving us. We will live like gentlemen. But the truth is, it is a useless and uninteresting life, too, we know. The Shah himself seems to be a good man. He tries to make things better, but he is outwitted. We would not mind fighting for Iran, but we cannot fight for a nation, only for a man or group of men—and we could never be sure about any of them. Mossadegh was the last honest man in government. It is better for us not to think of politics at all. We have enough troubles, trying to figure out what we're to do. We dream, we talk, and we get drunk. You see why we're sad? If we were not educated, we would not realize the waste."



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RECORD NOTES

STREET AND GANGLAND RHYTHMS. (*Folkways* FD 5589, *$5.95.*)

For children in big-city slums, street life is pitiless war. The spiraling tensions and "preventive" brutality of this primeval way of staying alive are acted out with chilling immediacy in the second half of this album. The performers throughout are six New York Negroes, aged eleven and twelve; the recordings were made "at the school at which the boys were resident." As E. Richard Sorenson, who collected and edited the tapes, notes: "Their music traditions are predominantly Harlem Negro, influenced by Puerto Rican [and] West Indian contacts and American radio and TV."

The first half is mostly rhythmic play. There are crisply swinging percussion ensembles that are dominated by bongo drums but also include soda bottles, sticks, and maracas. In another section voices become part of the band; and eventually verses are added, including a contemporary "Little Red Riding Hood":

"I was going to my grandmother house one night,
A walkin' round the corner. Who did I see?
A great, great . . . a great, great spy.
Uuu baby, baby, I bust his eye."

In the second half of the album, the boys improvise scenes from their own experiences of gang fights, neighborhood shakedowns, and life at the school. Among the recurring motifs are desperate defiance of other gangs, fear of the police and distrust of all adults, and the fact that "an exploited boy in a gang will submit to . . . exploitation because he values the stability, meaning and protection which the gang has to offer beyond this humiliation."

There are fierce enactments of gang fights with the biting bongo drums accelerating the tension. A final scene, "I Want Some Food," makes the poorhouse dialogue in *Oliver Twist* sound bland. The boy in the detention school roars for food with a hunger and anger that demands much more than something to eat.

JEWISH RELIGIOUS SONGS. (*Artia* ALP-108, *$4.98.*)

HEBRAIC CHANTS FOR THE HOLY DAYS (*Parliament*, 2 records, 133-2, *$3.96.*)

According to two American Orthodox rabbis, David Golovensky and Israel Moshowitz, the Jewish population in Czechoslovakia has fallen from a pre-Hitler 200,000 to 18,000. They were told by one Jewish leader when they visited the country recently that the Czech Jewish community is in "a losing battle against death." In that context especially, these intense collections of Jewish religious music recorded in a Prague synagogue two years ago are valuable additions to what little is available on records of current Jewish cultural activity under the Communists. In both sets, the singing is burningly passionate, but the characteristic virtuoso effects by the cantors are less display pieces of bravura than strongly felt and organically interrelated interpretations that have a firm sense of structure. The notes for both albums provide useful historical information on the origins of the prayers. (Some of those included here have been traced back to the ninth century.) The recorded sound is clear and well balanced in both albums, although the less expensive double set is preferable.

SONGS OF TWO REBELLIONS. Ewan MacColl. (*Folkways* FW 8756, *$5.95.*)

Ewan MacColl, born in Scotland, has been a street singer and an actor. In recent years, encouraged by the American collector Alan Lomax and others, he has become one of the liveliest interpreters of British folk songs. MacColl is particularly flexible in this proudly irreverent program of songs that grew from the 1715 and 1745 Scottish risings against the Hanoverian kings of England. As Ralph Knight observes in his introductory notes, although many sections of the people supported the Jacobites (followers of James II and his descendants), more did not in 1715 because this struggle for national independence was being led, after all, by doughty defenders of the feudal system. There was more of a popular uprising in 1745, since Bonnie Prince Charlie provided a romantic image that in many cases transcended economic logic.

Accompanying MacColl on guitar and banjo is Peggy Seeger, daughter of the American folk-music expert Charles Seeger and sister of folk performers Pete and Mike Seeger. She varies her accompaniments with admirable sensitivity to the dynamics and colors best suited to each song. MacColl is superb—bold in the battles and sadly scornful of those corrupt Scottish leaders who sold out to the English ("Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation"). He taunts the British generals by name, is ribaldly contemptuous of King George II and his private indulgences, and is tenderly proud of Prince Charlie, who was perhaps more skilled in love than in combat. There are several lovely melodies, particularly the somber but defiant "This Is No' My Ain House" and the still popular "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?"

In a separate booklet, Folkways has provided complete texts and translations of the more idiomatic Scottish dialect. As MacColl writes, these Jacobite songs come from "a people with a great zest and appetite for life; . . . a people who are essentially optimistic and who, oddly enough, succeed in combining sympathy for a declining royal house with the most republican sentiments."

JACK TEAGARDEN'S BIG EIGHT./PEE WEE RUSSELL'S RHYTHM-MAKERS. (*Riverside* 141, *$4.98.*)

In the late 1930's and early 1940's, there were a few labels—most of them short-lived—started by jazz collectors because the major companies that then controlled the record market were only intermittently interested in jazz. One of these repositories of the "hot jazz" of the swing era was the H.R.S. Company. Riverside now has title to the catalogue, and has reissued four 1940 performances by an octet led by Jack Teagarden's robust, mellow trombone and featuring the big, bursting tenor saxophone of Ben Webster. There are also six 1940 tracks headed by the raspingly poignant clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. The performances are still fresh and point up the fact that twenty years later, Teagarden remains a vigorous personal jazzman and Russell is still the most original and searchingly lyrical clarinetist in jazz.

—NAT HENTOFF

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BOOKS

Cruel She May Be

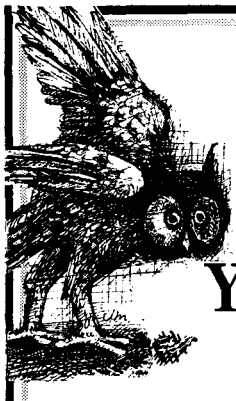
FRANK O'CONNOR

A NUMBER OF THINGS, by Honor Tracy. *Random House. $3.95.*

In what was obviously a neat bit of self-portraiture in her first novel, *The Deserters,* Miss Tracy said of her heroine, "All her life she had been inclined to enjoy making enemies, and particularly when it was not the moment to do so." Nobody who knows the original will dispute the truthfulness of the portrait. She is a special reporter of genius and a mistress of the poisoned dart. She wrote a delightful book on her experiences during the American occupation of Japan, but it is not one to be cherished in official residences abroad. As special correspondent of a London newspaper in Ireland she happened to mention a dear old parish priest who was building himself a fine modern residence among the insanitary cabins of his parishioners, and when her paper compromised the subsequent libel action, Miss Tracy brought an action against the paper and made legal history by collecting a large sum for damages. Cruel she may be, unjust she sometimes is, but inaccurate never.

I have often speculated upon her talent, which is so entirely beyond my own capacity, either for ascertaining the facts or assuring myself that they will raise blisters; and I suspect it may not be an altogether comfortable talent to live with. Any sort of lunacy acts like a magnet on her. In *A Number of Things* she has taken a holiday from Ireland, and please don't tell me that it was the mild winter climate that made her pick on the British West Indies. She picked on them because a great deal of lunatic behavior was going on there without the benefit of her observations. What a pity she wrote her novel before a New York policeman was charged with being the leader of a Jamaican independence movement! This is the sort of situation Miss Tracy specializes in.

The hero of *A Number of Things,* Henry Lamb, is commissioned by a liberal review, *Torch,* to write a series of articles in praise of the colored folk crushed under British rule in the islands. The owner of the review is an Australian businessman called Sir Hector Bunce, who wants the era of colonialism "finalized" in favor of "fruitful togetherness," and he instructs his employees to expiate their "quondam greed and lust for



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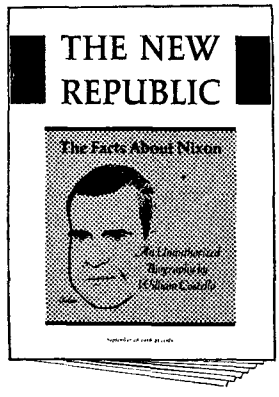

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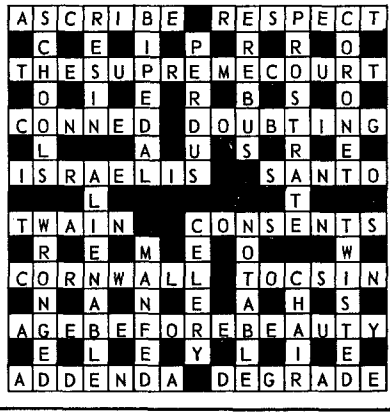

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #15

Acrostician—

EARL WARREN

power." The London editor, Mr. Marjoribanks, introduces Henry to Orlando Figgis Esquire, the colored commentator on Shakespeare to whom a tyrannical government has given funds to write a study of "Racial Discrimination in Shakespeare." Mr. Figgis Esquire, who is no slacker, does indeed produce an analysis of *The Tempest* as Shakespeare's apologia for colonialism.

The machinery of intellectual farce is always simple. We know that Henry is an unreconstructed Conservative who has no business writing for a paper like *Torch*, which publishes letters explaining that the Mau Mau have been cruelly misunderstood and telling how white hooligans broke into an African's flat at four in the morning to wreck his juke box. Both Henry and his employers are in for a series of shocks. Henry has his first shock when he opens a West Indian newspaper for the first time and finds a review of the *Confessions of St. Augustine* under the heading "A Great African," signed Samuel à Becket and illustrated by pictures of the College of Tropical Agriculture at St. Augustine Estate, Trinidad. Henry's employers get their shocks when he writes scornfully of calypso and of cricket—"Death in the Morning and the Afternoon." Henry will never do. He is quite incapable of discovering anything in the oppressed colored race but a tendency to make babies and chop off heads.

However, he is swept completely off his feet by Candida, a little colored girl of fifteen who presents herself as a convert in the Anglican church. She has already got herself converted by the Roman Catholics and the Pilgrim Zeal, an American church that is so proud of her that it has given her a guitar and promised her a trip to Minneapolis. At the Anglican Mass she unfurls an American flag embroidered with the slogan "Jesus Never Fails" which she has stolen from the church of the Pilgrims, and sings a hymn of her own composition, beginning

"You and Me
We're just vital statistics—
That Baby is boss of the world."

Delighted by Candida's talent, her hysterical enthusiasm, her vulgar snobbery, and her lies, Henry takes

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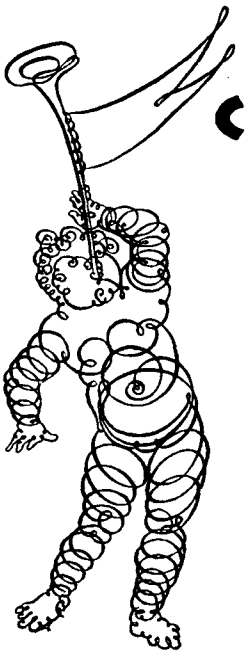
her on a trip to Tobago, which she has always longed to see. Her half-brother Gulliver, believing that she is merely "making babies," beats her up. Miss Perowne, a do-gooder from England, gets Henry to a party to meet the cream of the local talent, all passionately interested in Joyce, Sartre, and T. S. Eliot. Mr. Cornish, the novelist, talks Joycean, while Mr. Dillon, the poet, explains that Londoners make trouble for West Indians merely because Londoners are all fairies. Henry, finding Gulliver among the guests, gives him a sock in the jaw, which causes the local papers to charge him not only with rape but with hitting a trade unionist. When he further disgraces the white race at the carnival, he is sent home a prisoner in tourist class, cut off even from the Trinidadians who are emigrating like mad to England.

IT IS ALL excellent fun, but Miss Tracy is much too good a reporter not to leave the reader with a feeling that it is something more than fun. It is also true. I admit that when I read about Orlando Figgis Esquire's thesis on Shakespeare I thought Miss Tracy had gone just a shade too far, but I was punished for my presumption, for no sooner had I put down her book than I opened a weekly review that contained an article on a book by a Trinidadian writer who has analyzed *The Tempest* as a study of colonialism. And surely we have all seen Mr. Barclay Foster's *Bereav'd of Light* ("a poignant cry against racial discrimination in a yacht club" which made the suffering author's fortune on the London stage) and listened to Miss Perowne's plea that "If people were dragged from their native shores and forced to labour on sugar plantations under the blows of brutal overseers, inevitably their posterity would tend to recite obscene ballads to children at the Convent of the Mystical Rose."

I may as well confess that my liberal employers once sent me to report on the nightmare effects of the color bar in Liverpool, and that my experiences were not unlike those of Henry Lamb. Determined on making a martyr of myself, I took one of the complaining Trinidadians to dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, where the



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manager rushed up to shake his hand and complain that he hadn't been in the hotel for weeks. When I asked if this was what he called a color bar, my Trinidadian friend went on to complain that he and his colleagues had to attend a university in the United States. By this time I was too disillusioned to explain that Irishmen of my class didn't get to attend any university—even in the United States. My disillusionment came of the fact that one lunacy produces another, and beside the ravings of the racialists there is another sort of raving—a whining, bragging, lying, defensive chip-on-the-shoulder raving that while it is perhaps less harmful is equally inhuman.

It is a healthy sign that Miss Tracy has devoted a little of her attention to it, but still I am glad that the attention is hers and not mine. It can scarcely be comfortable to be so susceptible to lunacy. «»

In Bleakest California

HERBERT FEINSTEIN

THE CALIFORNIANS: WRITINGS OF THEIR PAST AND PRESENT, edited by Robert Pearsall and Ursula Spier Erickson. *Hesperian House, San Francisco. $7.50.*

Much of the restless writing in this two-volume anthology of the Golden State's literature, from moody Indian legends to Lawrence Ferlinghetti's upbeat poem "They Were Putting Up the Statue," proves that Californians are always moving on. Indeed, most of the best-known "California" authors leave the state after they have emigrated there and written a lusty indictment of what they found.

In 1865, Mark Twain achieved fame as "the wild humorist of the Pacific slope" with his California sketch, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." A large part of his first best-seller, *The Innocents Abroad,* was written when he was a roving correspondent for *Alta California,* a San Francisco newspaper, which paid $1,250 for his fare overseas. At the end of *The Innocents,* Twain said he was "here at home in San Francisco"; but he left "home" in July, 1868, before *The Innocents* came out, and he never set foot in California again. Of Mark Twain's occasional collaborator and more frequent rival, Bret Harte, Henry Adams wrote: "The fateful year 1870 was near at hand. . . The outburst was brilliant. Bret Harte led, and Robert Louis Stevenson followed." The next year Bret Harte quit California, and he too never returned. In 1870, the poet Joaquin Miller drifted from San Francisco into London literary society; he returned in February, 1872, mainly to brag about his English friends. Afterward, Miller became a constant world traveler, moving around to South America, London, Italy—perhaps even China. And the trek of writers from California to ultramontane havens goes on.

In the face of all this cultural spasm, transience, and get-up-and-go, it seems strange that Californians claim that theirs is a unique cultural heritage. "The North," the Bay Area in western central California, is called an ark of cultural stability. "After all," the director of the California Historical Society told me, "the Bay Area turns out more rare books yearly than any other place in the country." The fact of *The Californians,* edited by two San Francisco State College teachers and brought out by a San Francisco publishing house, is perhaps probative of the claim.

BUT THE ODD cultural claim of the Hollywood writers seems to be that the Southland, as they call it, is one vast wasteland. In this anthology, writers as various as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ben Hecht, Gavin Lambert, Budd Schulberg, Christopher Isherwood, Herman Wouk, Virginia Faulkner, Hamilton Wright, and Will Rogers all make common outcry that Hollywood is a wilderness. Rogers summed up the local landscape by remarking that if the United States were stood right side up, all the loose ends would fall into Los Angeles. Hollywood lies, then, on the rump side of Paradise, and all the filmland pieces in this book are all set in hell.

In "Crazy Sunday," Fitzgerald drably remembers "Joel Coles . . . writing continuity. He was twenty-eight and not yet broken by Hollywood." In the same great story, another sad young man, the filmmaker Miles Calman, dies in the inevitable plane crash: "He was the only American-born director with both an interesting temperament and an artistic conscience."

In "Concerning a Woman of Sin," Ben Hecht presents Daisy Marcher, a nine-year-old screen writer who does her homework in *True Confessions.* Daisy flourishes in the best tradition of the wicked. Her script, "A Woman of Sin," grosses big—four and a half million—and nets $100,000 for the baby scenarist. Daisy goes on to become "the new Balzac of the screen" and writes picture after picture in the easy way Fitzgerald may have wanted to but could not.

Gavin Lambert's "Slide Area" is about far more than the tumble three old ladies take into some Santa

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Monica mud. All of Lambert's shifting, shiftless souls—the people in the studios, the bars, the secondhand-furniture shops, the very Sisters of Charity in the hospitals—all their lives go tumbling down.

The frenetic spooks of Beverly Hills raised by Fitzgerald, Hecht, and Lambert lead lives of splendid desperation, for they largely share the courage of their hallucinations. And the spooks all refuse to accept the awful Hollywood truth stated in the title of Schulberg's story, "Somebody Has to Be Nobody." The trivial, the casual, can have no place amid the movie capital's grand illusions. One studio executive, himself an indefatigable charm boy, once explained to me the importance of the "nobody" in Hollywood. "You have to be nice to the ones who count," he said, "so you might just as well practice on the ones who don't."

TO VENTURE a minority opinion and, what is worse, to speak ill of a canonized folk hero, I must note that Will Rogers, in "I Horn into Hollywood," reveals the limitations of his own humor as well as the narrowness and nastiness of the Industry. One need only compare Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" in Volume I to see the thoughtful, generous laughter of a profound satirist. Throughout his Hollywood years, Will Rogers insisted upon the validity of the dollar standard. In so doing, he often patronized the great in a fake, crude way. Rogers wrote: "Greta Garbo don't get that dough because she is a long, tall Swede, she drags it into a box office and they know just how much she dragged in. They can tell you to a dime what Dietrich with her breeches on or off can draw into a box office. So they are all worth what they can get, and they can only get what they can draw." A niggardly half-truth. *Ninotchka* did not do well at the box office, but Garbo is a fine actress, and *Ninotchka* is, after all, very funny. Nothing comparable can be claimed for Rogers or his smash hit *State Fair*. But Fox presented Rogers with his co-star, the prize hog Blue Boy. Perhaps it is Will Rogers, rather than Scott Fitzgerald, who went down in the more typical Hollywood crack-up.

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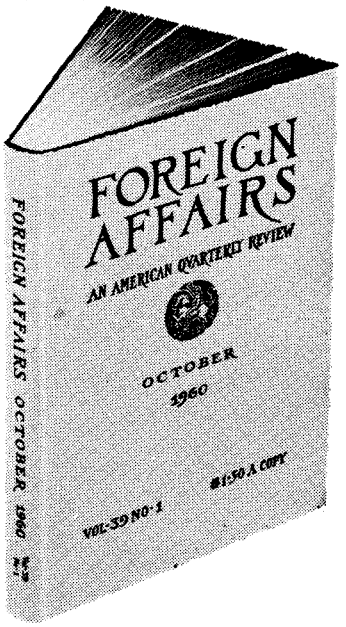

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The Sun Never Set

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE ANTE-ROOM, by Lovat Dickson. *Atheneum. $4.*

Autobiographies not infrequently start out with a chapter devoted to genealogy. It is as if before introducing himself, a stranger should open a family album, pointing at this man with a beard, my great-grandfather, at this lady in her carriage with the groom holding the horses, my grandmother. Slowly, reverently—Aunt Sue, Cousin Joe at Yale—the pages are turned; and the reader is not always fascinated. In *The Ante-Room,* ten or fifteen pages of such genealogical material nearly steal the show.

Lovat Dickson, now director of a great British publishing house, was born in Australia. That is why the Dickson family album is such a surprise. For of course the reader expects that the "vigorous ancestors" he speaks of will turn out to be, if not the legendary convicts, at least early and courageous settlers. Not at all. Bible-carrying Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, they were indeed courageous settlers—but of Connecticut. Even before the American Revolution these restless ancestors of his were off to settle something else; they went up to Nova Scotia, fought the French, drove them out, and took their land. Then they turned to shipbuilding and seafaring. It was as a shipping agent that Lovat Dickson's grandfather established himself in Melbourne.

This did not mean that the Dicksons had settled down. Lovat's father was a mining engineer, and soon the family moved on to Rhodesia, to England, and then, after two centuries of packing saddlebags or trunks, back to Canada. "We were a Colonial family and were proud of it. We passionately believed in the British Empire and especially in England."

IT TAKES courage for a small Colonial boy to hold to such a belief. In Australia and Africa, living in luxury and very much apart from other children—his greatest friend was a Negro boy servant whom he immensely admired—he gave the impression, as did his father, of coming from somewhere else, of being slightly more English than was admissible. Then, "coming at last by good fortune . . . to England, our reward for two centuries of . . . loyalty might be a condescending nod from some of the local ladies who themselves had never been a hundred miles from home. . . ." They could even flatter: " 'He has quite a nice accent, Gordon,' said Mrs. Rees-Davis, who had played golf with my father . . . 'He might almost be taken for a little Englishman.' "

WHEN THE BOY returned to ancestral Canada and came up the great river to Montreal, he perceived with keen delight the sense of promise in the unbounded distances. But in Canada too there was that matter of accent plaguing him again: when at fourteen he got his first job milking cows at the experimental farm in Ottawa, and later in wartime when he was a welder's assistant in Montreal shipyards (atavism surely), his fellow workers and his employers thought he was English, with something to hide, and that he "had been sent to Canada to hide it."

The boy worked with his hands. Just as he loved England no matter how England patronized him, he loved his father, who, though affluent once again, thought it best that his son should be left mainly to fend for himself. Lovat Dickson finally got himself admitted to college in Alberta, from which, after suffering the habitual indignities that had been his fate in other, earlier schooling, he emerged at the head of his class. For this achievement he credits the head of the English department, Professor Broadus, who had come to Canada from Harvard bringing with him some of Professor Copeland's characteristics: "Your essay was one of the worst in the whole class . . . Who in God's name told you that you can write?" He learned to write.

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